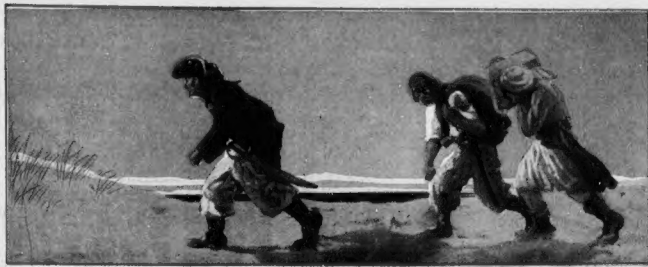


THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

Sunday, June 21, 1931

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Treasure Trove—The Cache of Some Other Pirate Has Been Discovered and Its Treasure Is Being Transferred to Another Hiding Place.

Lifelike Scenes of Buccaneer Days Modeled in Colored Wax by Dwight Franklin in Historical Tableaux

"Blackbeard" Burying His Treasure.—The Most Infamous of All the Ancient Buccaneers Looks On While Two of His Men Bury the Treasure on One of the Islands of the Bahama Group.



NOT all history is pleasant to read; nevertheless, any great historic event is of educational value, and a pictorial presentation is perhaps the best method of impressing historical facts on the human mind. And thus Mr. Dwight Franklin, the artist, has reproduced in permanent form and lifelike vividness scenes of the old buccaneer days, when the pioneer shipping of the world was sorely plagued by the pirates who swarmed the seven seas.

Very little is told in the schoolbook histories of the days when no man's life or treasures were safe on the ocean unless his ship was convoyed by a man-of-war. So bold and unpunished became the old sea rovers that they began to attack towns and villages on shore. Indeed, joint expeditions of many pirate ships found themselves powerful enough to attack fortified cities, and the achievement of the notorious pirate Morgan in the capture of the Spanish city of Panama is one of the most remarkable episodes in all history. This fearless English pirate gathered together a flotilla of outlaw craft of all nationalities and sailed for the isthmus of Panama under his skull and crossbones flag.

Marching across from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore, these cutthroats met and overcame the garrison army of Spanish cavalry, infantry and artillery. They sacked and burned the city and carried back with them across the isthmus many of the wives and daughters of the rich Spanish residents and several of the priests from the cathedrals.

Mr. Franklin has spent almost twenty years in perfecting his vivid method of presenting actual scenes modeled in wax, colored to the life in striking groups, which seem to spring into reality. After much historical research Mr. Franklin begins his work, depicting the features and costumes, as well as the backgrounds, with the exactitude of the scholar and the imaginative power of a novelist.



"Blackbeard" in Person, Standing in Front of the Skull-and-Crossbones Flag, Ready for His Next Raid.

When he modeled Blackbeard, one of the most infamous and cruel of all, the artist presents him with the plaisted beard, the piercing eyes, the grimly determined lips of that old buccaneer. In that group in which he is watching two of his men as they bury the treasure,

Pirates Bold



Walking the Plank—Piracy at Its Worst, But Practiced by Only the Most Cruel of the Buccaneers.



Spanish Gold—Just a Small Chest of Treasure Taken from a Spanish Ship, Now Held by the Bared Sword of a Pirate Against All Comers.

particularly upon some one of the Bahama Islands, the spectator feels as if he knows that the next act will see the shooting of the men lest the secret of the treasure be remembered. "Dead men tell no tales" might well have been the next act of this drama. This group was purchased by the New Colonial Hotel at Nassau to stir the imaginations of their guests and bring home to them the fact that old Blackbeard made his headquarters in the Bahamas.

Exactly how the pirate forced his prisoner to "Walk the Plank" is depicted in a dramatic group, in which the helpless man is seen taking the last step at the end of the plank before plunging into eternity, while the pirate and his crew look on in silent cruelty.

In another composition Blackbeard stands alone, in front of the dreaded flag with the crossbones. "Spanish

Gold" presents a single figure with an iron-banded chest, probably stolen in the latest raid upon some New World settlement of Spaniards. The owner stands ready with unheathed sword to defend his wealth against anyone who dares attack him.

In "Treasure Trove" Franklin suggests that the pirate has, in some mysterious fashion, discovered the treasure chest which another buccaneer had previously buried, and he leads his men, bending under the heavy burden, to find a secret spot in which it may be hidden, that he may come and get it when times are more propitious. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Children's Museum in Brooklyn, museums in Cleveland and Newark, the University of Illinois, the Illinois State Museum, even in the French war museum in Paris, are some of these pirate groups.

"The Passion Play" by the Indians of British Columbia



The Primitive Conception of Pontius Pilate, One of the Most Interesting of the Passion Play Episodes by the British Columbia Indians.

SEVERAL years ago, when Father Le Jeune went among the Indian tribes of British Columbia, one of his ambitions was to bring Christianity dramatically into the lives of these primitive people. He wanted them to be real Christians and not merely ignorant, unthinking "yes-men" like the so-called "rice Christians" of Japan who become converted to enjoy the material benefits to be found at missionary stations.

He had seen the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and was aware of the profound impression that such sacred drama has made on the lives of thousands of Bavarian peasants, and on many thousands of visitors to Oberammergau. He looked forward to the day when he could teach the Indians of British Columbia the meaning of Christ's suffering by making them the actors in a version of the Passion Play adjusted to their mentalities and spiritual understanding.

The Passion Play is now an annual event in British Columbia, and the story back of its production is one of inspiration, patience and hard work.



Along the Via Dolorosa, a Dramatic Moment, Showing Mary Walking Beside Her Son as He Carries the Cross.



"The Agony of Gethsemane," a Solemn Moment in the Play Depicting the Saviour Just Before He Is Seized by the Mob.

The missionary's first problem was to teach the Indians to read and write. He found nine races of red men in his

remote parish, and nine different languages. He devised an ingenious system of shorthand which he taught to a less-minded native by the name of Charlie Alexis. With the help of this man he eventually taught most of the Indians to read and write a language common to all the nine tribes. Among other things, the British Columbians were soon reading Bible texts, and their knowledge was increased by the reading of a small newspaper which Father Le Jeune established and named the Kamloop Wawa. Kamloop is the principal Indian village in British Columbia and "Wawa" is the native word for "conversation". When enough of the Indians knew the story of Christianity and the principal episodes in the life of the Saviour, Father Le Jeune began assembling the

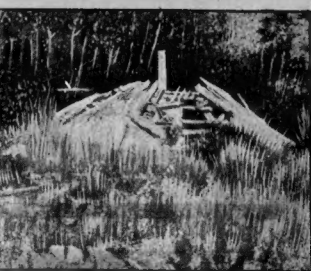
cast for his Passion Play and coaching the players in their parts.

He realized that the drama could be staged with none of the theatrical splendor found in the Oberammergau production and that the mentality of his actors would make a simple dramatization necessary.

He found, however, a genuine fervor among his people, and was surprised at the devout attitude with which the players approached their roles. The Indian who was selected to play the role of the Saviour prayed for days to make himself worthy to represent the Lord, and all his fellow actors fasted and prayed for several days before the performance to get themselves physically and spiritually clean for

Costuming Doesn't Trouble the Natives Much. Even an Explorer's Helmet Covered With Cloth Will Serve as the Headgear of a Roman Soldier.

The crucifixion scene boasted somewhat more impressive equipment, including three large crosses made by the



"The Holy Sepulchre," a Primitive Cave Which Provides the Scene for "The Resurrection."

their parts in the drama. The Via Dolorosa—the Road of sorrows—had to be the village street, lined with blockhouses and tents. And because of the lack of woods in that part of the country, the Garden of Gethsemane was represented by a few branches stuck in the rocky soil. The High Priest before whom Jesus was tried sat on a rickety bedstead, and the throne of Pontius Pilate was an even more dilapidated bedstead.

When the missionary was picking his players he found no lack of applicants for the roles of the faithful apostles, or even for the thief who was converted on the cross. But he virtually had to conscript actors for the parts of Judas, Pontius Pilate and the Roman soldiers.

It is likely that the Passion Play at Kamloop will be staged every year and that the number of white spectators will increase from season to season.

Escaped Guillotine, But Dies at Hint of Liberty

IN 1922, after one of the most stirring murder trials in the history of France, Mme. Bessarbo, poetess and boon companion of some of the most brilliant figures in French art, literature and politics, escaped the guillotine and was sent to Rennes Prison in Brittany to ponder for 20 years, the tragic end of her second husband, M. Bessarbo.

Many of her friends felt that Mme. Bessarbo was innocent and that she went to prison to shield the real killer. They could not imagine her murdering her husband, stuffing his body in a wicker basket and sending it to Nancy, where police discovered the corpse. For the past nine years, the poetess had occupied a narrow prison cell, hoping against hope that some of her influential friends would find a way to release her. A few weeks ago one of these friends rushed from Paris to Rennes to tell Mme. Bessarbo that, at last, her efforts to get her free seemed about to succeed.

Madame was delighted at the news and all afternoon she talked excitedly with her friend, making plans for her return to Paris.

As the afternoon wore on, she became almost hysterical at the prospect of release and, early in the evening, suffered a severe heart attack. She died without recovering consciousness.

Madame Bessarbo's death revived interest in the murder for which she had spent nine years in prison. When the police found M. Bessarbo's body in a wicker basket in the railroad station at Nancy, they questioned the dead man's wife and his step-daughter, Mlle. Paule Jacques. The mother and the daughter told conflicting stories and were promptly charged with the murder.

The finger of suspicion was pointed at the mother because her first husband, a man named Jacques, died with a bullet in the brain. The case was adjudged a suicide, but the fate of M. Bessarbo indicated that Jacques, too, might have been murdered. The poetess at first declared that her husband had committed suicide and that, because of the manner in which her first husband died, she and her daughter put the body in a basket and sent it to Nancy to divert suspicion from them.

Later she changed her story and admitted that her husband had been

killed because he had designs on his step-daughter. She denied emphatically that either she or her daughter fired the fatal shot, but refused to reveal the name of the slayer.

The most dramatic moment of the trial came when the daughter stood up in the witness box and swore that all her previous testimony had been false and that it was her mother who did the killing.

Within the past few months Mlle. Jacques had suddenly changed her attitude toward her mother and was working hard to win her release. Her efforts were not particularly successful, but those of an unnamed friend, said to be an official of the Paris city government, suddenly bore fruit and it seemed certain that the convicted murderers was to be set free.

Mme. Bessarbo had dreamed of freedom from the moment the gate of Rennes prison shut behind her, and it was only a few months ago that she finally reconciled herself to the what she called "her cruel fate." The unexpected promise of release proved too much for her taut nerves and her freedom came not in a renewal of her gay life, but in death.



Mlle. Paule Jacques, Daughter of the Convicted Woman by a Former Husband, Who Was Also Involved in the Trial Which Stirred Paris Ten Years Ago.—And to the Left—Mme. Bessarbo, the Brilliant French Poetess, Convicted of Murder, in 1922, of Her Husband, and Known as the "Wicker Trunk Murderess." She Died the Other Day When a Friend Hinted to Her That She Was About to Be Freed From Prison Where She Was Serving Twenty Years.

Curious Masks and Ceremonial Bells From the Sinister Cave of the Bat-God

DEEP in the jungles of Honduras an old Indian stumbled upon the entrance to a cavern overgrown with tropical verdure. He cut

away some of the rank growth and walked timidly into the cave. Before he had gone far he came upon a crude bell with the face of a bat etched on it. He clutched at the object and hastened to retreat. All his life he had listened to sinister legends of the fearsome bat-god—Zotzila Chimal-

can—the Mayan deity of the mountain caverns, of fire and the underworld, and he was afraid. That was about two years ago. News of the Indian's discovery eventually

reached the ears of A. H. Blackinton, an American explorer, who recently engaged the native to lead him to the cavern.

The explorer found the cavern to be an ancient shrine in which the Indians of what is now Honduras worshipped the Bat-God—a sacred temple which probably had been abandoned years

before the first of the Spanish Conquistadores came to America.

Scattered about the cave he found hundreds of bells of all shapes and sizes, most of them ornamented with likenesses and symbols of the Bat-God. But even more interesting than the bells is a life-size ceremonial mask of beautiful turquoise mosaic, one of the few such relics ever found. The base of the mask, which probably was worn by a high priest, is wood. The bits of

turquoise are imbedded in a coating of pitch which was painted over the wooden framework of the mask.

Most of the bells, which constitute the greatest collection of such relics yet found on the American continent, are of copper. The green mold which covered the ancient relics has been removed from some of the objects used to worship the Bat-God to reveal the remarkable workmanship of long-dead Mayan artisans.



A Life-Size Ceremonial Mask Originally Inlaid With Turquoise, Found in the Bat-God's Cave.



Side View of the Same Mask Showing the Protruding Lips and Nose.



A Rare Bell From the Cave. One Head Is shown in the Mouth of Another—the Symbol of Death Swallowing Life.



Curious Bells Carved to Represent Evil Faces, Which Are Among the Curious Relics Taken From the Cave.

Now the Golf Club Helped Mrs. Robin Raise Her Family



1. The Four Little Eggs in the Nest on the Golf Club Bridge Which Were Watched With Such Concern and Interest by the Golf Club Members.



2. Photograph of Mother Robin Sitting on Her Nest Under the Protection of the Board of Governors of the Golf Club. —Photos Taken by Telephoto Lens.



3. And at Last Mrs. Robin Hatches Her Brood and the Healthy Young Children Are Almost Ready to Leave the Nest.

When the Nest Is Discovered on a Footbridge Across a Steep Ravine, the President Sends a Hurry Order to Assemble the Entire Board of Governors Who Close the Structure to the 400 Players and Make Them Walk Across the Gully So the Birds Won't Be Disturbed

URGENT telephone messages from President George Hoyland of the Hillcrest Golf Club of Kansas City, Mo., brought the ten members of its wealthy and socially prominent board of governors hurrying anxiously to the club house.

These were important persons in the community, presidents and directors of large and soulless corporations and professional men whose time was more precious than gold. Yet so strongly was that call worded that they dropped their weighty problems, stepped into their cars and came dashing over the roads from 15 to 20 miles away. It must be a crisis indeed that demanded a full attendance of the board of governors.

There was Lloyd R. Fraker, secretary of the club and a busy attorney; F. C. Hoese, executive of a grain commission firm and member of the Kansas City park board; Carl B. Warkentin, president of the Midland Flour Mills Corporation; E. Borgolio, president of the Security Petroleum Corporation; R. P. Price, motor car dealer; Dr. J. Thomas Fittman, surgeon; J. S. Dodswoth, of the Dodswoth Wholesale Stationery Company; Charles Taylor, vice-president of the Harrow-Taylor Butler Company; Channing Folom, broker; and President Hoyland, president of the Hillcrest Golf Club.

"Well, tell us the bad news," said Mr. Borgolio, who had no doubt that it was a deficit, not as big as the United States billion dollar one, but probably big enough. President Hoyland arose and solemnly addressed the board.

"I insisted on a full attendance," he said, "because it is a matter of life and death, requiring immediate action."

This sounded worse than they had feared. The members braced themselves for a shock. Their president cleared his throat and gravely continued:

"On the bridge across the ravine from No. 2 tee to No. 2 fairway, a pair of robins have built a nest."

"What of it?" asked Mr. Taylor, glancing nervously at his watch. He ought to be back in his office before the New York butter market closed.

"There is an egg in it," answered the president solemnly.

"Did you call me over here just to inform me that a robin had laid an egg?" inquired Dr. Fittman, looking the president over with a critical eye.

"I certainly did, and let you know that she will probably lay two or three more in a day or two."

The eminent surgeon arose and started unbecomingly the case of his clinical thermometer.

"Let's see how much temperature you have," he said scoldingly.

"Sit down, Doctor," commanded the president. "I just want you gentlemen to pass an ordinance forbidding any member or employee to cross that bridge until the last of the young robins have left the nest."

"Aw, say, that's going to be tough on some of us heavyweights, scrambling up and down the sides of that ravine," came a protesting voice.

"That part is all right, it will do you good," advised the surgeon, "in fact I just put a sign telling everyone to look out for the nest. Nobody would disturb it."



Mr. Archibald McMillan, Assistant Professional of the Golf Club, Warning Members Off the Bridge and Detouring Them Down Through the Ravine.

"That will not be enough," President Hoyland explained. "The birds have built right on the floor of the bridge and even if nobody accidentally kicks it, the feet of all those duffers and duffers passing so close will frighten the parent birds away and times are hard enough as it is."

"What have hard times got to do with a robin?" asked Mr. Warkentin, the practical-minded president of the Midland Flour Mills Corporation.

"Times are always hard for robins in the Spring, when the mother and father robin have to find enough worms to feed four or five hungry nestlings," Mr. Hoyland said. "Have you ever watched a robin's nest?"

"I have read that a baby robin eats its weight in worms every day. How would you like that contract?"

"Mr. Warkentin, subside, but the fine legal mind of Attorney Fraker was aroused."

"That is a cowardly pair of birds, building a home without securing any title to the land beneath," the lawyer commented. "They should have built in the trees, where they have rights. Do you think we should establish a precedent, encouraging such carelessness?"

"There will be no precedent," Mr. Hoyland assured him. "As soon as the last fledgling has taken to its wings we will remove the nest from the bridge and next Spring we will be on the watch to stop them if they try it again. It is my duty to tell you that I fear the club has been guilty of contributory negligence. I do not know how it happened but somehow they managed to build a home, move in and lay one egg before the matter was called to my attention or any steps taken in the matter. Having

permitted the couple to start house-keeping on our premises, have we the right to throw out this mother, with a babe in her arms?"

The lawyer looked very serious as he replied: "The point is well taken. The courts will grant an injunction against any hard-hearted landowner who would evict a mother with a newborn babe. You are right. The club was negligent in not bringing dispositive proceedings against these squatters at the proper time. There is the leading case of *Rossmore* against *Fish*. We seem to have incurred a moral responsibility and liability for that family while its offspring is of tender age. We must condemn that bridge until such time as the children are self-supporting. There should be a sign on it."

"I already have one, painted in advance because I felt sure that you would all concur," answered the president. "Here it is." The sign read:

HELP THE ROBINS TO RAISE THEIR FAMILY. PLEASE DO NOT CROSS THE BRIDGE.

"That will do," said the lawyer, "but we must also post another, drawn in proper legal form, for anyone who may object."

"I have that, too," said Mr. Hoyland, handing him the following to read:

NOTICE!

Upon motion duly seconded, it was unanimously resolved, that the bridge between No. 2 tee and No. 2 fairway be barricaded and the use of same prohibited until

after the birth of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who have usurped the floor of the bridge for their nest, and that the club manager, the club professional and the greenskeeper be and they are hereby instructed to enforce this resolution and to see that the bridge in question shall not again be used by the members of this club until after the birth of the robins.

GEORGE HOYLAND, President.

The lawyer made disapproving, clucking sounds as he read and said: "Why will laymen try to draw up legal documents and draw them all wrong?"

"Yes, and they are always doctoring themselves instead of going to a reputable physician," agreed the surgeon sympathetically. The lawyer continued: "It is not enough to say 'until the birth of the robins.' You should say



View of the Bridge Across the Ravine Which Was Closed to Club Members While Mrs. Robin Was Busy With Her Family in the Nest. Members of the Golf Club Are Shown Trudging Along Beside the Bridge.

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'until they have reached such age of adolescence that they are ready, able and willing to leave their home, residence and domicile of their own free will and volition and have done so in fact.' However, under the circumstances, perhaps this will do."

The resolution was passed unanimously, the busy governors adjourned and made a rush for their cars. Mr. Taylor was delayed in traffic, reaching his office just too late to get in a large order of butter. He was convinced that butter was going up. Sentiment and kindness to animals and mothers was a fine thing but, after all, he was in a hurry, not the worm business.

What would his company say when they learned that it had been stuck? Nothing unpleasant was said because next morning butter opened almost a cent lower, making a substantial saving for the company. The surgeon got back to find an invitation to operate on a nice millionaire. And that it was with most of the others. Virtue is its own reward.

The ends of the bridge were barricaded and the sign posted. The 400 members of the club, most of them wealthy men and women, used to taking an elevator rather than climb a flight of steps, plunged in and out of that rugged ravine, under their own power, without a word of complaint. All they asked for their sacrifice was a daily peep from a respectful distance at these feathered squatters who had plucked them from their own property. The family thrived nicely. Four eggs were counted which presently turned themselves into four healthy, downy, attached to large open backs into which the mother and father dropped tremendous number of worms.

"Well, what do you think?" asked President Hoyland, as he came upon

Exterior View of the Club House of the Hillcrest Golf Club, of Kansas City, Missouri.

Mr. Warkentin, neglecting his golf to study the birds from a distance. "I envy them," was the answer. "I wish I had some customers like those four. Anyway, there is no surplus to worry about in the worm-supply business."

The Hillcrest Golf Club is rather exclusive but the most exclusive part is No. 2 bridge. Nobody, even the Prince of Wales, would be good enough to get on there until the robins are through with it. The photographer was forced to focus his camera through a telephoto lens from a considerable distance. The fledglings will soon be out in the world, but four young robins unconscious of their own fame in having deterred 400 wealthy people from their own property for several weeks.

And that was not all. As long as the club had undertaken the responsibility of rearing these robin children, it must be done right. The caddies took upon themselves the job of policing the links against cats. Every cat that set a paw on the course was gripped to find that the caddies seemed to have forgotten the kindness to dumb animals called for by boy scout rules.

The boys knew that if one of these prowlers caught sight of that easily accessible nest, it would return at night and the kindness of the club would end in tragedy after all.

It was early in May that Archibald McMillan, assistant professional of the club, looked up from his desk in the equipment room of the clubhouse and saw a red faced freckled caddy with eyes aflutter with excitement.

"Mac, there's a robin's nest down on the foot bridge on No. 2," said the youth. "They must have built it last night. And there's an egg in it."

"Well, don't bother it," replied the golf instructor.

"But it's right on the bridge floor next to one of the railing posts and someone is going to kick it off if we don't watch," protested the boy.

The professional decided to drop everything and investigate. Always there had been a tender place in his heart for robins, the first sign of the golf season. And sure enough, just as the caddy had said, there was the nest. It had not been noticed the day before, although probably it had been partially completed at that time. Enough twigs and sticks had been woven about two sides of the bridge railing pillar to prevent the nest being blown off to the ground fifteen feet below. But otherwise it seemed pitifully unfinished.

And that one egg! To McMillan and others, who gathered to look at the indignantly located home of the mated birds, it meant that others soon would be laid and then, after a couple of weeks, there would be little robins. But what a risk—what misplaced confidence in human beings! Yes, it was misplaced! The professional hastily telephoned the president and found that it was justified.

Lady Ross, American Wife, Wins the Latest Move in Her 7-Year Divorce Game

READERS of the American Weekly will remember a recent page on the remarkable divorce suit of Sir Charles Ross, the multi-millionaire Englishman, and his American wife, who was formerly Miss Patricia Burnley Ellison of Louisville, Ky., and whom he married in 1917.

For seven years the matrimonial battle between Sir Charles and Lady Ross has surged through the courts of Great Britain, Mexico, and the United States. Lady Ross did not like what she heard about her titled husband's big game hunt in the coldest of the African jungle with a woman companion, Mrs. Frederick Y. Dalsiel, a wealthy and prominent society leader from New York and Newport.

So Lady Ross made the first move for a divorce in the British courts, and won.

Sir Charles made the next move on the legal chessboard, and he won.

Lady Ross then made her move, and she won.

Sir Charles won the next move.

Lady Ross won the next, which was the sixth move in the game.

Sir Charles then studied the legal chessboard carefully, made his seventh move—and won. And now Lady Ross has just won in the courts in Washington her latest move, which is No. 8 in this remarkable legal game.

As Sir Charles has an abundance of money and great determination, he is already studying the board for what will be the ninth move in the divorce game.

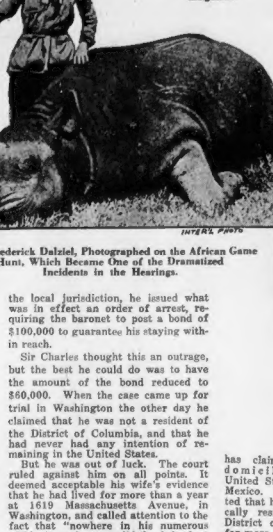
But in spite of his wealth and resources, it begins to look at last as if Sir Charles had wandered more or less all over the chessboard and was now being "checkmated." The bets are that Lady Ross now has her opponent in a position where he may win with delay, but must ultimately lose.

Without repeating the interesting earlier details of this rather famous litigation, the latest news may be told by picking up the history of the game

—Below—
Sir Charles Ross, Whose Smile Doesn't Seem to Wear Off in the Face of a Defeat, Probably Because He Counts on Winning the Next Time in the Long-Drawn Divorce Battle.



—On the Right—
Lady Patricia Ross, Who Has Come Out Victorious in the Eighth Round of the World-Famous Litigation.



Mrs. Frederick Dalsiel, Photographed on the African Game Hunt, Which Became One of the Dramatized Incidents in the Hearings.

the local jurisdiction, he issued what was in effect an order of arrest, requiring the baronet to post a bond of \$100,000 to guarantee his staying within reach.

Sir Charles thought this an outrage, but the best he could do was to have the amount of the bond reduced to \$60,000. When the case came up for trial in Washington the other day he claimed that he was not a resident of the District of Columbia, and that he had never had any intention of remaining in the United States.

But he was out of luck. The court ruled against him on all points. It deemed acceptable his wife's evidence that he had lived for more than a year at 1819 Massachusetts Avenue, in Washington, and called attention to the fact that "nowhere in his numerous affidavits and papers did the defendant state the place of his present domicile or permanent residence."

The judge further said: "The defendant has not submitted facts to justify the court in ruling that the Mexican divorce is valid. Between 1923 and the present he has taken contradictory positions as to his domicile. He

has claimed to be domiciled in the United States and in Mexico. It is admitted that he has physically resided in the District of Columbia for more than a year, and he declines to state the place of his present domicile or permanent home.

"It appears that Lady Ross is receiving an income of \$4,800 per annum from a trust fund established by her husband for her benefit, and he claims that he does not fail or refuse

to maintain his wife. It has always been held that, in fixing alimony, it is to be a sum proper for the support of the wife, having regard to her station in life and to the property and income of the husband. The question is whether the sum of \$4,800 per annum is adequate.

"Until the Mexican decree was obtained, Sir Charles Ross contributed

fifty pounds sterling (\$250) a month, and in his pleadings he declares his willingness to continue to give his wife this additional sum. Payments of the monthly fifty pounds were stopped because Sir Charles insisted that receipts for the money should be signed by his wife in her maiden name. I think this position of the husband was unreasonable and that the wife was justified in her refusal. I find the present payment of \$4,800 per annum insufficient for her reasonable and suitable maintenance.

"Sir Charles does not state facts with respect to his property, means or capacity to pay. He does not deny that after 1920 he received \$3,000,000 from the Canadian Government for his rifle factory. Under these circumstances I think that the wife should receive \$600 a month in addition to the \$4,800 coming to her annually from the trust fund. And she should not be required to sign her maiden name to receive the money.

Furthermore, she is still a wife and not a divorced woman. Sir Charles, who is now fifty-nine years old, cannot marry again, even supposing that he wishes to do so.

But the case is not yet ended. The long-drawn out fight is to stage at least one more round in the courts; for Sir Charles, having changed his lawyers, is going to file an appeal with the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

It is possible that he may win, temporarily. But disinterested observers are betting on the wife.

Girl Seeks "Sherlock Holmes" Career

MANY of the wealthy and socially prominent friends of Miss Priscilla Higinbotham, of Chicago, just can't understand why she has given up an easy, pleasant round of teas, bridge parties, concerts and soirees to plunge into a life of crime—not, of course, as a criminal but as a serious student of lawlessness and the crimes of society who go in for murder, burglary and racketeering.

Priscilla laughs good-naturedly when her friends accuse her of being an impressionable girl who reads too many Sherlock Holmes stories, and goes on with her studies at the Northwestern Crime Detection Laboratory, where she is known simply as Isabel Hall. This is her "nom de guerre"—her fighting name, in plain English—and under it she expects some day to perform some really clever detective work.

Miss Higinbotham admits frankly that she is more interested in the devi-

ous workings of the underworld than in the rather frivolous and obvious doings of the upper crust. Crooks and crime provide her with a brand of mental calisthenics which she can't get in the drawing room and on the country club porch.

Unlike some well-to-do people with lots of time on their hands, she is not seeking thrill, vicarious or first hand. She is serious about playing the role of Sherlock Holmes and is learning everything she can about criminals, from the social conditions in which they are bred to the various and violent manifestations of the anti-social spirit.

Her instructors say she has a keen and analytical mind. At the moment she is learning such things as fingerprinting, the recognition and following up of clues and the methods of many kinds of crooks.

"It is all as fascinating as contract bridge," says Miss Higinbotham, "and much more important."



The Newly Discovered Abode of the Recluse of 700 Years Ago, Who Was One of the Many Self-Appointed Martyrs to Seal Themselves Underground and Remain There Forever.

Workmen Find Weird Anchorite Cell

THE Paris Church of Saint Mary Magdalen in East Ham, England, long has been famous as one of the ecclesiastical landmarks of Twelfth Century Britain. A few weeks ago a crew of workmen and artisans began the long job of restoring some of the features of the weather-beaten edifice.

It was feared that the foundations of the church were none too sound and the first job was to inspect the building's 700-year-old underpinning.

Two workmen, digging debris from some of the ancient underground piles of masonry on which the church stands, came suddenly upon a heavy oak door with a narrow slit in it.

The heavy hinges were so rusted that they could not force the door open, but they threw the beam of a pocket flashlight through the slit and discerned, on the floor of the murky cell, a well-preserved skeleton.

They reported their grim find to the man in charge of the restoration work and he summoned the Reverend M. O. Hodson, vicar of the parish. The vicar knew, the moment he saw the hand-hewn oak door, that the workmen had come upon the cell of some anchorite of the Middle Ages and that the

narrow niche contained the remains of the medieval religious recluse.

"It was the custom of the anchorites to be buried in their cells during the Middle Ages," the Rev. Mr. Hodson explained. "In order to purify their souls and to give their lives to meditation on spiritual matters, members of this sect locked themselves in uncomfortable cells such as that found in the cellar of my church and had no contact with the world except when food and water were brought to them."

He should say, after examining the skeleton and the bare furnishings of the cell, that the man whose remains the workmen found lived beneath the church between the year 1230 and the year 1250. It is probable that he had not been out of his narrow prison for several years and that he preferred, like others of his sect, to make the place his tomb in death as well as his home in life.

The condition of the crude wicker work and mud masonry, and of the wooden door of the cell, indicated that the place had once been swept by fire. This is something of a mystery because the ancient records of the parish make no mention of such a mishap or the medieval place of worship.

Making Chickens Grow Faster

THE time may come when every up-to-date hen house will be equipped with sun lamps, much like those found in beauty parlors and in many private homes—for a recent series of experiments has shown that chickens grow about twice as fast under the stimulation of artificial ultra-violet rays than they do under natural conditions.

Dr. Harvey C. Rentschler, of New York, the scientist who made this interesting discovery, used four cockerels for his experiment. All of the birds were from the same hatching and all were approximately equal in size, weight and physical condition.

From the day that the birds came out of their shells, two of them were subjected to one hour of violet-ray radiation every day for six weeks. They were fed a normal ration and given no solids or liquids with a special vitamin content.

The other two cockerels were fed exactly the same ration but were not

given the violet-ray "baths." They were, however, fed a cod liver oil preparation to prevent rickets and supply them with Vitamin D.

At the end of six weeks the birds that had been treated with ultra-violet rays weighed twenty ounces each. Their brothers, raised without benefit of man-made sunshine, tipped the scale at only eleven ounces each, although they were in good health and normal physical condition.

According to Dr. Rentschler, the experiment indicates that, with the use of ultra-violet rays of proper length, the growth of poultry can be speeded up and broilers can be grown for market in about half the time required under normal conditions.

One can lamp, he says, furnish enough rays to irradiate 100 birds, and the cost of operating such a lamp is about 12 cents an hour. It is probable that further experiments will be made to determine the effect of the rays on egg production.



Another View of the Underground Cell Just Brought to Light at the Old Parish Church in East Ham, England, Showing the Crude Wicker Work, Mud and Stones Used for Construction.

Art Treasures Recovered From the Bottom of the Sea

Dredging Around a Pier in the Ancient Harbor of Athens, Workmen Bring Up a Cargo of 305 Remarkable Greek Sculptures Which Were Sunk

by Some Accident 2,000 Years Ago



Sculptured Relief Showing a Man and Woman Tying Ribbons Around a Column. A Religious Ceremony of 200 B. C., Executed in a "New Style" of Art for That Period.

ADREDGE, digging away around the base of a pier of Piræus, the ancient harbor of Athens, brought up recently some pieces of marble. They were covered with carvings and later turned out to be sculptures which had formed the cargo of a ship which had sunk in the harbor some two hundred years before the birth of the Saviour. Three hundred and five of the fragments were recovered, many of them of exquisite beauty.

The discovery has again called attention to the number of ancient Greek art treasures lying around at the bottom of the sea and within reach of diving apparatus—it was only known where to look for them.

Owing to the busy commerce in art objects carried on by the old Greeks and the quantities carried away by the Romans and other conquerors, many ships laden with art treasures were for a long period voyaging across the Mediterranean Sea. The attacks of pirates, shipwreck, storm, fire and the many dangers of the sea caused a considerable number of these vessels to sink. The Mediterranean is nowhere very deep and many of the ships sank in harbors or upon the coast. Thus it happens that many of the wrecks are quite accessible to modern scientific diving devices.

Greek archaeologists, who have examined the recently discovered marbles, identified them as of about 200 B. C. They were probably part of a cargo destined for Rome. Whether they had been stolen or purchased could not be ascertained. There were traces in the wreckage that the ship had been lost by fire.

The statuary was different from almost entirely reliefs and were of a pictorial character, showing groups of figures in animated action. One of the most interesting represents a man and woman tying ribbons around a torch at the top of a column. The curious position of the fingers suggests some form of ritual gesture, according to the experts.

One of the most peculiar things about this relief is that it is in "archaic style," that is to say, an imitation of very early, primitive Greek work. The poses of the man and woman are very peculiar. Probably the artists of this period were growing tired of the style of Phidias and Praxiteles and the other much vaunted classical geniuses and were trying to give the public something new. They were the "futurist" or "independent" artists of their day.

Another interesting relief shows a Greek soldier about to kill an Amazon. The artist has handled this subject with remarkable vigor and dramatic effect.

The unfortunate Amazon, who has been disarmed, is trying to run away, but the Greek has grasped her by the hand and is about to run her through with his sword or spear—the weapon has disappeared.

The Greek soldier displays not the least consideration, chivalry or even humanity towards a conquered woman. There would be a great outcry if an American artist should represent an American soldier treating the worst woman in this way to-day. The ancient Greeks evidently did not make any pretense of chivalry in war.

One of the most beautiful works in the collection recovered from the ocean represents *Hercules*, the great hero, carrying away the graceful waist of *Alceste* in a firm and tender embrace as he hurries her away from the gloomy realm of *Pluto*, about finding defiance as he goes. This might be an illustration of a thrilling episode from real life rather than legend, from a confused and incredible legend. One wonders what *Alceste's* husband thought about it.

Another sculpture shows a struggle between *Apollo*, the joyous and light-giving god, and the many-sided *Hercules* for the possession of a tripod. This is apparently an allusion to some obscure rivalry between *Hercules* and *Apollo*, both of whom were ancient personifications of the sun.



The God *Apollo* and *Hercules* Contesting for the Possession of a Tripod. One of the Recently Recovered Marbles.

Dr. A. Meritt, conservator of the Louvre Museum and a high French archaeological authority, calls attention to the endless possibilities of recoveries of Greek art from the waters of the Mediterranean. He bases his expectations on the extensive results already obtained. The first important recovery of this kind in modern times occurred about Easter, 1900, near the little island of *Ovriotto*, called *Antictythera* by the old Greeks, which lies off Cape *Males*, the easternmost point of the *Peloponnese*, in waters celebrated in legend and history.

Still another discovery was made by sponge-fishers at work about a hundred feet from the shore observed a compact blackish mass at a depth of a hundred and eighty feet and about one hundred and fifty feet long. The matter was reported to the Greek Government and divers were sent to work. They found the mass consisted of statues and other objects scattered about among the remains of a ship.

A Sculpture Showing a Greek Soldier About to Kill a Captured Amazon With a Weapon Which Has Disappeared From His Right Hand. One of the Most Dramatic Pieces of Sculpture Recovered From the Sea.

The great pressure which the divers had to withstand allowed them only two minutes of useful work at a time. But they recovered many beautiful objects in the course of a year and it is believed that some still remain buried in the mud.

The principal object found was a large bronze statue fished up in many pieces but now completely restored. It represents a young man of extremely graceful figure with arm upraised. It has been explained as *Hermes* making a rival in beauty the *Hermes* of *Praxiteles*. It is in fact the finest Greek statue found since the *Venus de Milo*. It still remains undecided what god or person is represented by the figure. It has been explained as *Hermes* making an eloquent gesture, as *Perseus* holding up the head of *Medusa*, as the beautiful *Paris* by the sculptor *Euphranor*, or as a young victor at the games holding a ball.

The cargo of the treasure ship must have consisted in part of plunder. Several of the bronze statues evidently did not come straight from the workshop, for under their feet were fixed the humps of lead with which they had been attached to pedestals. These had probably been stolen, but the majority of the marbles were free copies of well-known originals and had plainly been made for exportation.

Still another discovery was made by

sponge-fishers, at the beginning of June, 1907, off *Maldia* on the Tunisian coast of Africa. This is believed to be a ship which sailed from Greece to meet the demand of rich Romans for Greek works of art and was driven far out of its course on the African coast. The depth of the sea was about one hundred and twenty feet.

Here were found sixty beautiful marble monuments. There were also bronze and marble statues, statuettes and reliefs, fragments of bronze furniture with delicate reliefs, the remains of large ornamental objects of marble, craters and goblets. The treasures filled several rooms at the *Bardo Museum* at *Tunis*.

Some of the marbles revealed the interesting fact that the ancient Greeks were enterprising manufacturers of a type of statue well known in America. The factories where they were made employed efficient methods of mass production with due consideration for speed of output and economy. The statues are made up of separate pieces quite small in size and easy to handle and transport. They could be manufactured simultaneously by workmen graded according to their skill.

Little care was taken to see whether the raw lump was of adequate size or how the pieces joined together. The top or back of a head was often formed of a piece attached to it separately and secured by a large leaden rivet. The line of junction often passes across a shoulder or through a cheek.

There were several heads destined for statues of more than life-size—*Nike*, *Nike*, *Nike*, *Bacchante* and *youths*. The best preserved specimen is an *Aphrodite* with a calm smile and a dreamy expression. The head is attached to part of the bust,



Fragment of a High Relief Marble Sculpture, Believed to Represent the Hero *Achilles*, Dredged Up From the Bottom of Piræus Harbor.

but the manufacturer had not supplied a right shoulder.

In 1926 the discovery of a bronze arm at the bottom of the sea off *Euboea* aroused the curiosity of art pirates in London and Paris, who swarmed to the spot, eager to carry away some find that was a relic of old.

They were on the point of carrying off a splendid piece of plunder when the Greek Government intervened just in the nick of time. The creation to which the arm be-

longed proved to be a splendid statue of *Zeus*, father of the gods and goddesses, 6 feet 8 inches high and almost complete, for the arm already recovered fitted perfectly to the body. Apart from the filling of the eye-sockets, there is missing only the object which he was brandishing in his right hand, the doubler, the thunderbolt which the god, who stands firmly with legs in stride, is about to hurl with a vigorous and lordly mien upon the target to which his other hand is pointing.

There are some capacious critics who hold that it is *Poseidon*, or *Neptune*, brandishing the trident with which he ruled the ocean. This statue, made for a temple, is especially valuable not only for its beauty, but on account of its date, for it goes back to 460 B. C., the golden age of Greek art. The arrangement of the hair, with its encircling plait, occurs on the "Fair-haired Boy of the Acropolis" and on the "Apollo with the Omphalos." Otherwise the statue is said to show a naturalism closely akin to the work of the great *Phidias*. An interesting detail was the finding around the waist of the rope with which he had been fastened to the ship.

The exploration of the sea-bottom in this vicinity was renewed in May and June, 1928, and yielded the fore-part of a galloping horse, the figure of a young horseman with limbs stretched out, as if he were controlling his mount; terracotta amphora, or jars, and other objects.

"After so many miraculous finds," cried Dr. *Meritt*, "what have the shores of the Mediterranean in store for us, even as they are with bronzes and marbles which have been overwhelmed by the waves? Chance discoveries followed up by systematic search will be able, more sure than any other method, to recover in all their radiant brightness a few of these ancient masterpieces whose inexhaustible loss was mourned by subject Greece."

"The rapacity of the Romans, greedy for the artistic treasures of Greece, and the fury of the elements which have obliterated some of the best, will have had some advantages for us. They have already enabled us and will in the future again enable us, to rediscover in a remarkable state of preservation wonders, which, had they been left in the original position, would long ago have disappeared forever. The old 'lord of shipwreck,' by sheltering them in his bosom for twenty centuries, has saved them from destruction and kept them safe for our enthusiastic appreciation."

Submarines and airplanes will be of great value in exploring the bottom of the Mediterranean for lost art treasures. It is suggested the wreckage of the ancient *Salamis* and *Actium* may be found.

The Dispute Over Mrs. McCarter's \$11,000 Dress Bill

17 Hats, 9 Hand Bags, Stockings at \$15 a Sock, and—Well, the Fashionable Former Baroness d'Erlanger Says She Didn't Order Them and a New York Specialty Shop Is Trying to Collect the Bill Through the Courts



Mrs. George W. C. McCarter, Who Is Being Sued for a Wholesale Quantity of Feminine Apparel Which She Says She Never Ordered.

THE courts must decide what really happened that memorable March day at the home of Mrs. George W. C. McCarter, of Fair Haven, New Jersey.

Did Mrs. McCarter, in her right mind, buy \$11,000 worth of clothing and fripperies, including nine handbags for \$1,000, twelve pairs of silk stockings at \$30 a pair, one pink slip for \$100 and seventeen hats for \$765, all in one afternoon, from one shop?

If so, this would make her a candidate for the title of most extravagant wife of the year—a title awarded some years ago by an English judge to another American woman, Mrs. Jean Nick.

Or, did Nicole de Paris, Inc., of New York City, by high-pressure salesmanship, induce her to buy \$2,000 worth as she lay sick in bed after an operation, and then dump the other \$9,000 worth of goods in another room and tell her she had to pay for the whole \$11,000?

If so, in some ways it beats the "dumping" of wheat and lumber of which Russia is accused, because at least that nation's customers knew what was being done, accepted the goods and got them cheap.

It seems that Mrs. McCarter happened to meet a Mrs. Helen Livermore, whom she had known for years and had been connected with several stores. Mrs. Livermore told her that the shop had some lovely things that would interest Mrs. McCarter. Instead of leading the prospective customer to the shop she was invited to Mrs. Livermore's apartment, where Mrs. Juliette Nicole, president of the corporation, was introduced.

The president had brought no end of "interesting things," but the customer's "sales resistance" must have been rather strong that morning because, she says, she could only be induced to order three dresses for Ann Cooper Hewitt, her young daughter by a former marriage to the famous inventor, and one black taffeta dress for herself. But President Nicole claims that then and there her new customer ordered \$11,000 worth of finery. If Mrs. McCarter's version is correct and only four dresses were ordered, it would seem hardly sufficient result to justify much time or sales efforts on the part of Nicole de Paris.

Anyhow, Mrs. Livermore arranged by telephone to bring out to the McCarter country residence in New Jersey the four dresses that all agreed had been ordered and to show her, at the same

time, some other things, Mrs. McCarter admits.

The day was set for March 7, but on that morning Mrs. McCarter was sick and sent for the family doctor, who performed a minor operation. This was hardly over when the telephone rang and a maid announced that Mrs. Livermore and Mme. Nicole were coming out with a lot of lovely things. Mrs. McCarter sent word that she was sick in bed and to make it some other day. They persisted and insisted that it would do the patient good and amuse her to feast her eyes on their "confections" and finally she consented.

Mrs. Livermore soon arrived by train and persuaded Mrs. McCarter to send her chauffeur with the limousine to get Mme. Nicole at the shop. The car returned with the president and a colored assistant, together with so many boxes and bundles that the two women were said to be packed in solid in the back and the goods overflowed into the driver's seat.

After the arrival of the car and its cargo the stories of what happened began to conflict. Mrs. McCarter, who is his wife's fifth husband and incidentally a prominent lawyer of the firm of McCarter & English, in Newark, N. J., was not present. Mrs. McCarter, who had already become known to fame as the former Marjory Cooper Hewitt, wife of the late inventor, and as the wife of the Baron d'Erlanger, to say nothing of two other husbands, was in bed and says she did not see the ominous piles of merchandise that were being unloaded in her home or she would have been alarmed and suspicious from the start.

Mrs. McCarter admits that possibly his wife is extravagant as wives go, but says that she never did and never would buy \$11,000 worth of wearables in one day. However, that is only a legal and husbandly opinion. He was not present and how can he know to what condition a woman's mind might be reduced by lovely outfits and high-pressure salesmanship? Also, his wife was sick in bed and unable to run away from the sales talk and the fascinating "confections" as she could have been an ordinary customer in a store. A judge and jury must decide that.

According to Mrs. McCarter, the two lady sellers, assisted by the colored servant who remained off-stage, so to speak, opened the boxes and bundles, first showing her the things she had ordered. When these had been accepted they began to dazzle her with other things, handbags, gowns, underwear,

hats and stockings so light and transparent that one could hardly see them at all without holding them up to the light.

Mme. Nicole was willing to sacrifice them for a mere \$30 a pair, which was only \$15 apiece. That is, she would let her have them at that very low price provided she took a dozen, which would be a mere \$180, because she was a friend of Helen Livermore. She would even sacrifice some rather more ordinary ones at \$10 a dozen. Then there was a "daring" cigarette hat for the nominal figure of \$175, and seventeen more hats which the kindly president would let go for \$765.

That stunning black and red suit was "just made for Mrs. McCarter," and because Mme. Nicole loved to see her creations on beautiful women who did them credit she would consent to part with it for a mere \$200. Another bargain was a green print gown for the negligible price of \$195. Indeed, the president would let this favored customer have a black suit at that same ridiculously low figure and a blue wool one at \$175.

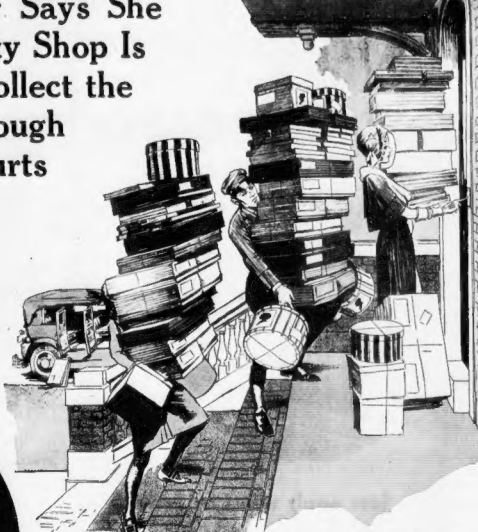
Those bargains were followed by others, such as a gray lace dress for a mere \$175 and a black and white print one for an insignificant \$180. Nine glittering handbags were laid reverently on the bed. These were worth easily

\$220 each, but Mme. Nicole would let the entire lot go for a mere \$1,000. One good turn deserves another. Since the president had offered the gowns at these prices she would let her have four sets of lingerie for \$300 and four more for only \$130. As long as the customer was to have these lovely gowns Mrs. McCarter ought to have the right things underneath.

And so it went. But Mrs. McCarter says that she resisted the efforts to sell her all those things. In her affidavit in answer to the suit brought in New Jersey she stated:

"I did order three dresses for my little girl and three hats for her, and one black taffeta dress for myself and one wool suit with a so-called coral necklace and one bag. I never ordered anything else from the plaintiff and any other articles set forth in the bill of particulars were not ordered by me."

Madame Nicole showed me a number of dresses which she put on herself to show. She is a larger woman than I and built very differently and a dress that would fit her or be becoming would neither fit me nor be becoming to me. As Madame Nicole showed me dresses after dress I repeatedly told her that I did not want them. I was not at all well and although not displeased to see a few clothes, the showing began to tire me. I was told that the gar-



Mrs. McCarter Sent Her Automobile and Chauffeur Into New York From Her Country Estate in New Jersey, and Out Came the President of the Specialty Shop and a Colored Assistant With a Car Full of Bundles, Boxes and Handbags—\$11,000 Worth of Feminine Finery.

ments which I had ordered totaled \$2,000. I was asked to pay for them immediately and accordingly I wrote a check in that amount, signed it and gave it to Madame Nicole.

She asked the maid who replied that Mrs. Nicole had left them, saying that her mistress had bought them. And that was all. The maid opened a closet and showed her all those dresses which Mrs. McCarter had refused. The customer, now very sick indeed, called for smelling salts and ordered the chauffeur to return every one of those things to the shop.

This had hardly been done when Mrs. Livermore telephoned that Mme. Nicole was very angry. Mrs. McCarter didn't care because by the time she was quite angry herself, having just discovered another cache of hidden treasure in the house consisting mostly of handbags and stockings. Fearing that a second shipment by the chauffeur might not be accepted by the angry Mme. Nicole, these were sent by express in the maiden name of the chauffeur's wife. But the shop has expressed its opinion that it declined to accept them.

Mme. Nicole tells a different story. She says that every one of the articles was accepted by Mrs. McCarter, the price agreed upon and all left there with her consent and approval. On an \$11,000 purchase it was no more than right that she should pay \$2,000 on account. But Mme. Nicole states that even this check had to be sent to the bank three times before it was paid.

While pained and surprised that her fashionable customer should change her mind and send back so much of the goods, Mme. Nicole allowed about half to be returned and brought out for \$2,500, balance of a bill of \$5,000. This suit was brought in New Jersey, but when the judge declined to order the bill paid on what is known as a

"summary judgment" on the prima facie evidence, it was dropped there and brought again in New York City, where the plaintiff thought the courts would be more impartial. Mr. McCarter's father is a former Special Deputy Attorney General of New Jersey and was chief defense counsel in the famous Hall-Mills murder case.

The plaintiff, meanwhile, has attached the bank account of the defendant at the Park Avenue branch of the National City Bank, though in a vain effort to prevent it. Mrs. McCarter changed the name of the account to Marjory Cooper Hewitt. Mr. McCarter, though a man of means, has not been named with his wealthy wife in this suit. He said:

"If a bill of that amount had been sent to me I certainly would not have paid it. Probably that is why my wife, rather than myself, is the defendant in the present action. A husband is responsible for so-called necessities, but it is not bound to pay for goods in excess of the means of himself and his wife. Of course, the definition of the term 'necessities' varies with a person's standard of living, but our standard does not warrant the purchase of \$11,000 wearables at a time."

"I suppose that the fact business was has some bearing on the case. It may have been an attempt to sell a lot of stuff during a slack period. Anyway, this bill seems absurd. Mrs. McCarter had no more use for nine handbags—at a thousand dollars—than a cat needs two tails, and I don't believe she ever placed any such order. And a hundred dollars for one pink slip—three hundred and sixty dollars for a dozen pairs of stockings—and seventeen hats. It's all so absurd. Imagine paying fifteen dollars per individual sock! And where is the woman who needs seventeen hats at the same time?"

While the testimony as it develops at the trial of the case will be interesting, so also it happens that Mrs. McCarter herself is a rather unusually interesting personage. She is originally Marjory Andrews, a Virginia girl.

Her first husband was Dr. Edwin Bruguiere, a California millionaire. They were divorced and she married Stewart Denning, a rich New Yorker. He had the marriage annulled on the grounds the Bruguiere divorce was irregular.

For several years Mrs. Bruguiere Denning led a spectacular life at Newport, and then astonished society by marrying Peter Cooper Hewitt, multimillionaire grandson of the famous Peter Cooper. When he died in 1921, through litigation over the estate it was disclosed that their little daughter Ann had been born three years before the marriage.

Baron Robin d'Erlanger, of the European banking family, was the first husband. They were divorced in three years and in 1926 she married Mr. McCarter.

The McCarters have not the slightest intention of paying that bill, but the specialty shop insists it will have to be paid. If ever there was a case where a jury of women was needed, it would seem to be this one.

Photograph of Mrs. McCarter at a Fancy Dress Ball During the Season in Lido, Italy. At This Time She Was the Baroness d'Erlanger and Her Costume Was Made Up of Thousands of Shiny Little Sea Shells.

Little Miss Ann Cooper Hewitt, a Child by One of Mrs. McCarter's Various Husbands. A Few of the Things in the Dressmaker's Bill Were for Ann.

Mrs. McCarter says she had refused. The customer, now very sick indeed, called for smelling salts and ordered the chauffeur to return every one of those things to the shop.

This had hardly been done when Mrs. Livermore telephoned that Mme. Nicole was very angry. Mrs. McCarter didn't care because by the time she was quite angry herself, having just discovered another cache of hidden treasure in the house consisting mostly of handbags and stockings.

Fearing that a second shipment by the chauffeur might not be accepted by the angry Mme. Nicole, these were sent by express in the maiden name of the chauffeur's wife. But the shop has expressed its opinion that it declined to accept them.

Meet an old friend in a lovely new dress!



Women have been eagerly waiting for just such an announcement as this . . . a bathroom cleanser as good to look at, as it is to use. In this lovely new dress Bon Ami can take its place in the fashionable society of gay bottles and boxes that adorn the modern bathroom! And this rich black and lustrous gold package will harmonize with all the favorite color schemes for bathrooms. It emphasizes blue or green, it's effective with yellow, perfect with rose; smart with orchid.

Best of all—this *de luxe* Package doesn't mean a change in the contents. In this dashing costume is the same, soft powder that has cleaned so many bathtubs without leaving a scratch. Only more of it! In fact, almost twice as much. Nor does this handsome black and gold container take the place of the old, familiar household helpers, Bon Ami Powder and Cake in their maroon and yellow dresses.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . NEW YORK, N. Y.

BON AMI FOR BATHROOMS



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"HASN'T SCRATCHED YET!"



Have your grocer show you this beautiful, new container—just ask for the big, "Bon Ami *de luxe* Package for Bathrooms." If he hasn't it, ask him to get it for you.

Please keep in mind that the new Cellophane-wrapped, *de luxe* Package, the regular Powder and the familiar Cake are all the same Bon Ami. The Bon Ami that doesn't scratch—doesn't redden the hands—doesn't leave sediment in the bathtub or drains. The odorless, reliable Bon Ami that cleans like a flash . . . and polishes as it cleans!





Death at the Wedding Feast

A Kindly Friend of the Bride's Family Offers to Make the Sandwiches and Mix the Chicken Salad—and Unconsciously She Stirs Into the Bowl Typhoid Germs Which Lay the Young Bride

and Her Sister and Her Aunt in Their Graves and Stretch 24 Guests on Hospital Beds

To Be Helpful the Old Friend of the Bride's Family Volunteered to Make the Sandwiches and Prepare the Salad—and as Her Germ-Laden Fingers Mixed the Ingredients She Unconsciously Spread Death and Sickness at the Wedding Supper.



Mr. and Mrs. David Jackson, From Wedding Photograph taken Just After the Ceremony and Just Before the Bride Sat Down to Eat the Chicken Salad Which Ended Her Honey-Moon With Her Funeral.

CHARLOTTE WILMET JACKSON, the young bride, has been buried in her wedding gown; her aunt, Mrs. Ethel Wilmet Swathel, wife of Councilman Joseph H. Swathel, of Stamford, Conn., and her sister, Grace Wilmet, are also in their graves and nearly a quarter of the other hundred guests are in a hospital from typhoid fever germs, placed in the chicken salad and sandwiches at the wedding supper by the kindly but poisonous hands of a dear old friend of the bride's family.

The groom, David Jackson, ate the sandwiches and the salad also, but escaped entirely, as did some of the others, apparently because he had the good fortune to help himself liberally from the punch bowl, whose contents were sufficiently alcoholic to kill or at least weaken the virulence of the microbes enough so that his system was able to resist them.

This outbreak occurred in the Bronx, New York City, and with commendable promptness the health authorities investigated, traced the germs to their source and were able to reconstruct the tragedy exactly as it happened. For two years, David Jackson and Charlotte Wilmet had been among the youngest employees of the Fifth Avenue bank, where they were engaged and late this Spring were married at Grace Church in New York. After the wedding, with about 100 guests, they went to the home of the bride's mother in the Bronx.

Before the ceremony a woman, 71 years old, who had known the bride since she was a baby, asked Mrs. Wilmet if there was anything she could

do to help. Well, yes, said the grateful and nervous mother, she might make the sandwiches and mix a nice, big salad.

So this old friend, who would not have harmed a hair of the little bride's head, took off her bonnet and proceeded to kill her.

With pride in her skill she neatly made and stacked the various kinds of sandwiches. This job done, she went to the bathroom. That trip to the bathroom must be mentioned and remembered, because the old lady turned out to be a typhoid carrier like the famous "Typhoid Mary." Malin, the cook, who left a trail of death and disease wherever she went, was a typhoid carrier who did not give off her germs from the mouth and nose. This well-meaning old lady went into the bathroom and infected her hands from herself and then went at the task of preparing the chicken salad.

It was not enough that she hastily washed her hands before leaving the bathroom. The rules of New York's Department of Health governing typhoid carriers insist that they must clean their finger nails and then wash their hands thoroughly. But even this is a protection against food contamination, so they are forbidden to touch any food destined for someone else, or even pass a plate at the table or use a towel that anyone else uses.

Their clothes, before going to a laundry or being washed with others, must soak in a solution of carbolic acid or an equally powerful germicide or be boiled for 15 minutes, and there are other stringent rules which these dangerous people must obey or be taken into custody.

None of these rules was obeyed by the old lady, because she had never heard of them nor dreamed that they

applied to her. With love in her heart for the grateful and nervous mother, she ate her salad and then she mixed the hard-boiled eggs, stopped with her fingers the meat from the chicken carcasses, cleaned and laid out the celery in neat piles. If there was a speck of dirt on a stalk she washed it off at the tap.

Occasionally someone asked to help this old lady, whose name has been withheld. But no, this was a labor of love that must be done all with her own hands, and with her kindness she killed three people and sent 24 more to the hospital.

After placing the lettuce leaves along the edge of the big salad bowl she carefully chopped the celery, mixed it with the other ingredients and spread it in the bowl. Then she mixed the mayonnaise dressing with poisonous hands and thoroughly scattered the germs through it all. Next she spread the dressing on top of the salad, decorated it here and there with a slice of hard-boiled egg, which she had also fingered, surrounding it all with a nice little fence of pieces of the whitest celery. Last of all, her deadly fingers completed the color effect by dotting the salad with capers.

"It is lovely," said the grateful Mrs. Wilmet. "It will be a long time before Charlotte will taste one like it!"

It was to be more than a long time. It was to be forever. When the bride couple came, last of all, because they had stepped at a photographer's what was to be her last picture, the bride's mother whispered to her that

the dear old lady had taken a world of pains making every bit of that salad with her own hands. So Charlotte, to show her appreciation, ate a large helping and so did her husband. There was a big bowl of punch which the bride did not touch, because she never drank. Her husband, however, sampled it liberally, not for any sentimental hopes and plans of a future that was never to be.

In the evening, when the bride's trousseau except the wedding dress, in which she was buried. Everything is a scene of death and new, a perfect little home, but the heart-broken husband will never see it again. It is a sad enough to miss his bride during working hours at the bank, but to come back to those new brides at night is too much. He is living with his own family again.

This recent epidemic from the Jackson wedding supper recalls the first typhoid carrier known by the New York Health Board—"Typhoid Mary." Mary Mallon, a powerfully built woman, 190 pounds, was an excellent cook, with a trunkful of references to prove it. Mary had all these because, though never fired, she was perpetually losing her job because the homes she worked in became closed by typhoid outbreaks. She was sensitive about this "boodoo" that seemed to accompany but never strike her, and kept the matter secret. Nobody knows how many typhoid cases and how many deaths Mary caused before the health authorities got on her trail. An out-

break in Oyster Bay, Long Island, and another at Sands Point, nearby, first drew suspicion, but meanwhile Mary had escaped to another job at Dark Harbor, Maine, where her germ-laden hands brought down seven out of nine members of the household who died for. By that time the authorities had pinned 26 cases of typhoid on her and did not look for any more.

Mary, who announced that she did not believe in the "germ theory," was given nearly three years' treatment at North Brother Island in New York harbor, in the hope of stamping out the nest of typhoid bacilli somewhere in her insides, supposedly in the gall bladder, which was making her a factory and incubator of the germs, but in vain.

Finally she was released on parole and her promise to faithfully obey all the rules about carriers. But Mary broke her parole and started cooking for a private sanitarium until, about ten days after her arrival, she heard that two cases of typhoid fever had appeared. Mary prudently resigned, but went to the Sloan Hospital in New York and gave typhoid to 25 physicians and nurses. Again Mary ran away, but she was pursued and arrested. To keep her out of mischief a job was found for her in a bacteriological laboratory whose business it is to handle microbes and a few millions more or less do not matter.

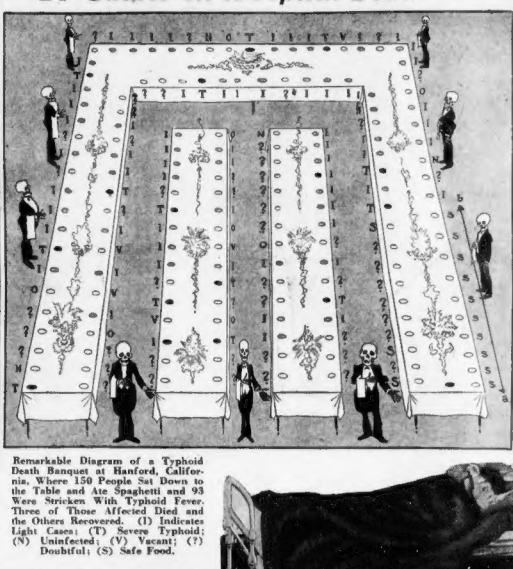
In some ways Mary's record has been far eclipsed by other carriers. For instance, at a church dinner in the town of Hanford, California, a woman typhoid carrier managed to give the disease to 93 out of the 150 persons who dined. She might have even bettered that record if all the guests had eaten of the dish of deadly spaghetti she baked for them.

With so many cases all at once, the health investigators quickly traced them to the church dinner. They eliminated every other article of food before suspecting a huge dish of baked Spanish spaghetti which a woman had cooked and donated herself. It had been boiled one day and baked the next, which should have killed any germs twice over. But they found that four persons in her household had recently had typhoid and, sure enough, a laboratory test betrayed her as a carrier.

The doctors then baked a dish of that spaghetti to see how it happened. The boiling meant nothing, because the woman had handled it again after it had cooled; what spoiled them was the baking. Before they placed the dish in the oven, she had thrown some typhoid germs of her own and also three thermometers.

After it had baked as long as the other had they found some typhoid germs in the lower part of the sterilized pot at all on top, but the middle swarming with billions more than they had been in the bottom. The food at the top had reached a heat of 111 degrees Fahrenheit, that at the bottom 118, while the middle was only 82, just the nice temperature to incubate the microbes.

Therefore, when the waiters brought that spaghetti around, they offered the guests a gamble for their lives and health. Whoever refused was safe; so was he who took only from the sterilized top. The guest whose spoon slipped out of the bottom or sides was taking a dangerous chance, but not as bad as the unfortunate who took from the middle and got a concentrated dose of the bacilli. A diagram on this page shows how Death dealt good and bad luck to the diners. Unfortunately there was no punch bowl.



Remarkable Diagram of a Typhoid Death Banquet at Hanford, California, Where 150 People Sat Down to the Table and ate Spaghetti and 93 Were Stricken With Typhoid Fever. Three of Those Affected Died and the Others Recovered. (N) Indicates Light Cases; (T) Severe Typhoid; (S) Susceptible; (D) Doubtful; (S) Safe Food.

Photograph of "Typhoid Mary," the Famous Germ Carrier, Lying in Her Cot in a Ward at North Brother Island, New York, Where the Health Authorities Trained her for 3 Years to Stop the Fountain-head of Germs Which Steadily Flowed From Her Body, Although Mary Herself Was Never Sick With Typhoid Fever.

authorities knew that the outbreak had the earmarks of a carrier and fortunately only one person had progressed the fatal salad. The horrified old lady readily submitted to tests which proved that she was, like "Typhoid Mary," a perpetual fountain of typhoid microbes. She has now been listed with the other 257 known carriers of New York, is on parole and must obey the rules for protecting the rest of the community against herself. This will be easy, because she rarely does cooking and from now on will never touch anyone's food.

Yet, never to her knowledge in her 71 years has she ever had typhoid. However, when a child, she describes the symptoms of a "brain fever" in such a way that it may have been the start of a typhoid infection. The microbes in her system, to make a typhoid incubator of her for the rest of her life. Medical science can always prove a carrier, but it cannot get the germs out of her or him. Two per cent of typhoid cases become carriers and three times as many women carriers have been found as men, because more women than men work in kitchens, and carriers are not detected unless they start spreading the disease. Many carriers have no typhoid history. Their blood shows no typhoid reaction and yet their intestines are swarming with virulent germs of the disease.

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after
*"the pause
that
refreshes"*

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O V E R N I N E M I L L I O N A D A Y

Mystery of How Helen Morgan, Heiress, Shot Her Sweetheart

Peculiar and Contradictory Conduct of the Infatuated Girl Whose Emotional Spasms Made Her Love and Hate Her Admirer by Turns and Finally Ended in Her Killing Him at the Edge of a Cemetery

Photograph, Marked by the Police With a Square Frame, Where Helen Morgan Killed Her Sweetheart in His Automobile With His Own Revolver, Dug to Two Feet on the Ground With the Pistol Beside It and Drove Away. The Glenwood Cemetery at Flint, Michigan, Is Shown on the Higher Land at the Right Side of the Road.

WHY did Helen Joy Morgan, a 27-year-old heiress, educated and to the manner born, fall in love with Leslie Castiel, a 38-year-old garage mechanic of Flint, Mich., who could hardly write his own name?

Why did this wealthy girl, who had never had an affair with a man in her own sex, stick to this one after she knew he had been divorced from three wives and was running around with several other not very reputable women whom he used to beat when the spirit moved him to show his interest that way?

Though she knew all this and even allowed herself to be disconcerted over Castiel, why did she take advantage of secrets he confided to her to tell the police that he had set fire to a house? And when she had informed the authorities and Castiel had been arrested for setting fire to the building to collect insurance, why did she change her mind and refuse to testify against him and go on with her love affair as if nothing had happened?

If she was so deeply infatuated why did she keep putting off the date to marry the man she loved and why at the time was she engaged to a man in California and constantly writing him affectionate letters?

The authorities of Flint must solve these questions and many others about this strange hot-and-cold, backing-and-filling heiress in order to bring a charge that she finally brought an end to their queer romance by luring him to a grave yard and shooting him to death.

Helen says that she wrested the pistol from the grip of the powerful 215-pound mechanic and killed him in self-defense. But, even if this were true, why the police say it is impossible, why did she then, with great difficulty, drag his body from the car, dump it on the ground, leave the pistol beside it, drive home and then telephone a friend to notify the police?

Her widowed mother, Mrs. Carrie Morgan, says that Castiel was a dreadful influence who ruined her daughter's life and only wanted her for her inheritance. The dead man's parents say much the same of Helen, that she was an evil influence, worried their son and even when not with him, made him telephone continually and explain what he had been doing since he last saw him and finally, just as he was about to leave town, killed him.

Detectives have been investigating the assertion that it was Helen herself who secretly left her mother's house in the middle of the night and set fire to the house in order to have something to accuse Castiel about for the police. No evidence has been found to substantiate that charge, but the authorities admit that Miss Helen Joy Morgan is the strangest character they have ever had to explain.

The said Mrs. Morgan, never disheartening Helen on account of Leslie, came to her daughter's rescue by hiring three lawyers for her defense. All three will probably have plenty to do, for the young woman is thought to be more than any one man could understand. This ill-assorted couple met some two years ago when Helen's big sedan was not working well and somebody recommended Les Castiel as a mechanic who knew everything about cars. He had that reputation and also knowing more than he was supposed to about women, though Helen

Leslie Castiel, Whose Killing by Helen Morgan Is Believed by the Police to Be a Deliberate Murder.

says nobody told her that part of it. Her mother knew that he repaired the car satisfactorily and she was willing that all other automobile troubles be brought to him. Occasionally she saw him at the garage, a powerful figure in dirty overalls and with grease-laden face and hands. It struck her as of no consequence that he was of an inferior class. He greeted Mrs. Morgan's daughter talked a long time with the man whenever they met.

One evening, months later, Mrs. Morgan happened to be in the front door of her house when the bell rang and the answerer herself. There stood a man in a new suit of clothes, a neck hat and shiny shoes. He greeted Mrs. Morgan by her name, politely, and she saw that his face was vaguely familiar. As he removed his hat she was struck by an overpowering wave of barbaric perfume. The man smiled and he wished to see Miss Morgan and just as the old lady asked what about, she recognized the caller as the garage mechanic, but without his customary coat of grease, and very much "fixed up."

"She asked me to call, this evening," Castiel said. Mrs. Morgan had not lived 65 years entirely in vain and she recognized the well-known signs of a young man who has doted himself up to make an impression on a girl and she had instinctive misgivings, though still she did not dream that a daughter of hers would be interested in anyone like that. So she asked the man to wait and demanded an explanation from her daughter. Helen seemed flustered but explained that he had mentioned a farm out of town where one could buy the freshest eggs for a song, and had promised to drive out there with her that evening.

Mrs. Morgan made the usual mother's speech about the dangers of girls driving unaccompanied with men they knew nothing about and it received the usual modern answer, "Don't be silly! I can take care of myself." The mother weakened. As long as the man had been invited in and had bathed, shaved, shined, dressed up for the occasion, she hadn't the courage to snub him, but it must never happen again. Not till many months later

did Mrs. Morgan discover that it had been happening right along. Her daughter and the mechanic had been taking long night drives together several times a week.

By that time the girl's infatuation had become so deep that it was beyond a mother's power to break. Finding threats and rewards of no avail to keep Helen away from Leslie, Mrs. Morgan came to a long visit to relatives in California who did their best to get the girl interested in young men more likely to make her happy. After a while came reports that a very worthy youth, Amos Merrick, owner of a chain of San Francisco restaurants, was paying her attention and finally, six months later, Helen herself wrote that she was engaged.

Mrs. Morgan made no objection and, confident that this new love had wiped out other infatuation from Helen's mind, let her come home. She arrived with an engagement ring, pictures of the young Californian, and her mother saw her daughter writing and receiving almost every day those lengthy letters that only people in love inflict on each other.

Just a month before the tragedy, Mrs. Morgan refused to believe the first hints from friends that her daughter and the mechanic were parking along some of the well-known "lovers' lanes" outside of Flint. But the stories were verified. Helen, forced to admit the truth, refused to give him

another cent's worth of insurance money could be collected. She had indignantly protested and, finding that he would not change his mind, she had turned cold. She thought it her duty to inform the authorities about this, his first crime, so he would never commit another. But when she made her report she was in prison and separation, she felt sorry, her love returned and she refused to testify.

The police wanted to know if it was not jealousy that caused her a few days before the shooting to come back to them and offer to testify after all. That was because Les was getting nasty about the matter, was calling her a "wicked pigeon" and threatening to fix her so she would never "equal" again. This unkind behavior had caused her love to cool a second time. But detectives had been watching her house and had seen her one night during that period sneak out of the back door after midnight and take a cab to the home of Castiel's parents, where he was sick in bed. Helen admitted this but said it was because his sickness and that particular night her love had flared up again.

The unverified assertion of the dead man's parents that Helen did the burning herself to have something on their son is so remarkable that in any other case it would hardly have seemed worth investigating. Poor men often have compromised and blackmailed themselves but to suggest that an heiress did practically that to a working man is a novelty. Still the whole case is a novelty.

Just a month before the tragedy, when Helen says she was as strong as a horse, she was using strong words, apart from all other women they know. But they do not believe it and asked if jealousy was not her motive for revealing his alleged setting fire to his own house.

But Helen explained that Castiel had told her that by burning his house and



Contest Scene Showing Helen Morgan, Accused Murderess, in the Background, With Her Mother, Mrs. Carrie Morgan (at the Right), and a Friend.

Although Leslie Castiel Was of Course, Leslie Castiel and his wife, 215 Pounds, Let Helen Morgan In on the Secret and Shot Her Lover, and Then Dragged the Body From the Car, Dropped the Pistol Beside It, and Drove Off Conveniently at the Edge of Glenwood Cemetery. The Police Believe Her Story Impossible.

other's arms and left the house together, with the motor starting distractedly after her. Helen says that Leslie had actually offered to marry her but that, though she wanted him, she had shied at his offer. Why, neither she nor any else can explain.

Helen says that in the afternoon of the killing Castiel happened that he was leaving and must see her. She drove him to a rendezvous, a few blocks away from the place where the murder took place.

"You stop your car in going to cook your goose," he said.

To calm him down he got in a ride. When they reached the other deserted section, near Glenwood Cemetery, she asked how that would be for a place to talk.

"All right," he agreed, and they stopped at the edge of the cemetery. Then he pulled a pad from his pocket, saying that he would not kill her because he valued her too much but that he would not let her go. Then he wrestled it from her grasp, screamed, opened the door, and threw her out of the car. She fell to the ground, and he ran away.

Then she ran around to the other side of the car, pulled out the body, dumped it on the ground, near the back of the car, and she ran away. The police believe that the scream came from the car, but later that the scream came from the car.

Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night

The Countess of Kinnoull, Titled Daughter of Mrs. N and Manager of Her Mother's Often-Raiced Supper and Dance Resorts, Reveals Episodes Behind the Scenes With Rich and Fashionable P



Lady Loughborough, a Notable Figure in London Fashionable Life, Who Brought Rudolph Valentino to the "Forty-three Club" as Her Guest.

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull Who Also Bears the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin, Baroness Hay of Kintyre, Baroness Hay of Salisburgh and Baroness Hay of Pedwardine.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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I HAVE already described a night club as a happy hunting ground for women seeking titles and wealth in the form of a husband. The huntresses are the most beautiful and skilled in the art of snaring a bachelor or another woman's husband that are to be found. Many of the charmers are already married and, therefore, they must realize, when they bring their own husbands with them, that they are taking a big chance. But they do it.

However, as I have said before, women have an unbounded confidence in their own powers to hold as well as capture and besides many of them are more than willing to lose their partner because they already have an eye on a new one. I can understand their motives and feelings, but there is another class whose presence is more puzzling—the women who know or ought to know they are too old to hunt successfully in the face of such fierce competition.

Of course, it is understandable that these retired veterans would enjoy returning as spectators to watch the old game of grab go on, but one would think that common prudence would make them come empty-handed to the place, with nothing to lose. Curiously enough, they take a reckless delight in bringing their husbands along, though these are men of wealth and titles, meat for the younger huntresses' almost carnivorous attention. These ex-charmers of a pre-war vintage have everything to lose and nothing to gain and yet they tempt Providence, often with sad results.

One night at the Little Club, which I ran by myself, there were so many of those old-timers present with their highly desirable husbands in tow that it really worried me. I could see their natural enemies watching, stalking, planning in their keen minds the "kill" they would soon make. Still, there were so many of the victims, including three duchesses, that their numbers seemed to overawe the huntresses for a while. However, this truce would not last long, unless something happened—and something did.

The inside history of that club at 31 Golden Square, just back of Piccadilly Circus, is not generally known even to Londoners. It had been a club before we bought the place. A very well-known man connected with the royal household had wanted to run a night club for his own



Lord Illingsworth, Prominent London Social Leader, Who Was Divorced by Lord Illingsworth, Who Charged That She Had Dishonored Him by an Affair With the Family Butler.



Lord Illingsworth, British Multi-Millionaire, Who Was Just About to Leave for a Fishing Trip When a Note Was Handed Him Disclosing His Wife's Affair With His Butler. His Lordship Pocketed the Letter, Went On With His Plans, Completed His Fishing Trip and on His Return Made It His First Business to Institute a Divorce Proceeding.

clique. It was to be the most exclusive place in London and unless people were known personally to this man and his committee no amount of money could gain them an entrance. He got twelve friends to start it with him, but he obtained the license in the name of his manager and he never allowed his own name to appear in connection with it.

After a time there was some dispute between the manager and the prominent man who had founded the club, and as they fell out, the manager promptly claimed the club and its license. The founder could do nothing without a lawsuit, which would have led to a public scandal owing to his connections with royalty, so he let the whole thing drop and the manager eventually sold the club to Mother.

We decided to run it on much the same lines as it had been. No one was admitted who was not in evening dress; everybody was scanned carefully through a slit in the door like a letter box and unless the porter or I was satisfied that we knew whoever was outside we refused them admittance.

The club was beautifully furnished and decorated. It was not so much that it was luxurious, but it was in perfect taste. The walls were all plain gold and the only decoration round them were twelve grotesque masks in futuristic style, rather like gargoyles, you know. They were larger than life size.

The door from the square gave into a short passage and facing was a high partition with a small counter where I made my office and presided to receive the guests. The dance room was on the street level, reached by a doorway on the right of the passage going in, and downstairs there was the "breakfast room," which was like the parlor of an old English inn. It had a tiled floor, wooden benches, brass warming pans, pewter mugs and dishes on the shelf running round the wall. In this room the most distinguished and highly placed people in the world have sat devouring kippers and bacon and eggs at three and four in the morning.



The Late Rudolph Valentino as He Appeared the Evening Lady Loughborough Brought Him to the Night Club.

Now this particular night, about one A. M., when I was worrying about my elderly duchesses and what would happen when the "carnivora" started after their lamb-like husbands, the porter called me to the front door.

"Taxi stopped outside, Miss May." I went to the door and lifted up the flap that covered the opening of the "spy-hole." Through the hole I saw a man who was obviously a foreigner. His clean-shaven face was swarthy and his features were Italian or Spanish. To make him more un-English he wore a soft, black felt hat—sombrero type—with his dinner jacket suit. I concluded he was a head waiter or something of the kind and I let down the flap and turned to the porter shaking my head.

"No, don't let them in."

I had hardly turned away when there was a knocking at the door and the porter, who had looked through again, called to me, "Lady Loughborough is one of the party, Miss May."

I knew Lady Loughborough. This was before she divorced her husband, the son and heir of the Earl of Rosslyn (who went on the stage as James Erskine). Lord Loughborough later committed suicide by throwing himself out of the window of a friend's flat in Kensington. Lady Loughborough is now the wife of Sir John Milbank, who is known as "the boxing baronet."

I went to the door and opened it and found that with Lady Loughborough was Miss Poppy Baring, daughter of the famous international millionaire banker and one of the "bright young people" in London. She is now Mrs. Peter Thursty. With them was the man in the soft felt hat and another man.

"I want to sign in some friends," said Lady Loughborough, who wore a wonderful evening cloak of gold tissue that suited her brunette beauty. She went to where the book was and entered the names of her men companions, paid the guest fees, and the party went through to the dance room. I gathered that Lady Loughborough, as a well-known and regular visitor to the club, had been a little bit peevish about being kept waiting, but then I had not seen her.

As was my custom, I went to examine the book to see the names of her guests. The first name in the "guests" column was Rudolph Valentino.

I went through and saw our head waiter and

NEXT to Her Majesty the Queen, perhaps no woman's name is better known in London than Mrs. Kate Meyrick, proprietor of several famous night clubs, and who has three times served a prison term for defying the law of serving liquor and keeping open after hours.

And while the illustrious mother was in her prison seclusion, Miss May Meyrick, her daughter, managed the clubs.

In these most exciting meeting grounds of the upper circles and the underworld, where champagne splashes the walls and there is enough ice in the cocktail shakers to take care of a fever hospital, Miss May met and soon married Lord Kinnoull. Thus, the Night Club Queen's daughter became a member of the British Peerage; indeed, another daughter, Miss Dorothy Meyrick, also married a Peer, Lord de Clifford.

told him who our famous visitor was. In less than no time it was all over the club that the world-celebrated "Rudy" was there, and in a second it was ludicrous to see how every woman in the room was staring at the man who on the screen had made women all over the globe fall desperately in love with him.

Whispers were rife. I could hear: "Valentino... yes, it is... do you think he is as good looking as he is in the pictures?... oh, how too thrilling to see him..." and a lot more.

Well, thought I, Providence has saved these patrician ladies from their fate, for nothing less than the Prince of Wales would have diverted their attention. The duchesses, too, had eyes only for the sheik who had saved them, but it was not for gratitude that they stared, as I was soon to learn. I am sure that if all the other men had quietly filed out of the room and gone home, nobody would have regretted it or missed them except the waiters and myself, who would have wondered who would pay all the checks.

During all this staring and whispering, Mr. Valentino sat unmoved, while Lady Loughborough, as hostess, ordered champagne and omelettes. The men were showing their usual "Valentino reaction," glaring resentfully at this hero who always ran every other man a zero who gathered in every feminine heart without so much as a glance. They were all muttering that same old speech:

"I don't see what you see in him."

Of course, I was looking a bit steadily myself, but it also interested me to see how these vamps had forgotten all their hunting instincts in the presence of this supreme champion heart-catcher of the opposite sex. I was just thinking how little they could read from his impassive countenance when, without the slightest warning, the trouble began. The club became a madhouse. The female of the species started to mob this eminent male.

The band was playing but nobody dancing because it would have interfered with the staring. I was near Rudy's table and stepped rather quickly sideways to avoid a waiter. This move caused me to be almost knocked down by a duchess old enough to have known Father. She charged past me, with a small memorandum book in her hand, laid it in front of the sheik and gushed:

"Oh, please, Mr. Valentino, I've been so longing to have your autograph!" The sheik of sheiks raised his eyes and lifted one eyebrow. The Duchess repeated her request and told him who she was. Rudy put his eyebrow down and, with a resigned expression, pulled out a little gold fountain pen and signed. It was like a signal, the other women were on him in a flash. I'll wager he never saw a mob scene in one of his own pictures work so fast.

In less than a minute every woman in the room and they included court celebrities, wives of leading politicians, duchesses, noted actresses—had grabbed a menu card or a wine list and there was a rush like a bargain sale at Selfridge's for the table where the screen idol sat. The wife of a cabinet minister jostled aside a chorus girl who was one of our professional dancing partners and the mistress of a well-known New York band conductor. Escorts were left alone at their tables forlorn. Those women forgot every rule of courtesy, of dignity, of modesty in their efforts to get near the world film star.

As for "Rudy" himself, he looked up bewil-

Club

Myrick, led

the patrons

"Lady May," the antess of Kinnall, has lived in artificial glitter light club life ever since she graduated from fashionable Redean School, and was everybody of alth and title in I out of England. She has met the best and the worst of people, and has watched the ebb and flow of life and the whirlpools of intrigue, dissipation and scandal, which sometimes cast the victims into the dire courts, financial ruin or a suicide's grave. The Countess of Kinnoull now draws aside a curtain of secrecy and reveals many extraordinary incidents in the famous night clubs owned and managed by Mrs. Myrick and herself.

ered at the sheaves of cards thrust out to him. They were many, for I know we had to order a new stock next day, having run out of menus and lists. Then, when he had signed for several inutes, I thought it was time to intervene. I went forward. Valentino, I saw, had pushed back a number of cards and said, "No, I won't go any more," and I thought it best to interrupt the persistence of the remaining women.

"Please now, ladies," I said, "I'm sure Mr. Valentino wishes to be left in peace to dance." Rudy gave me a glance of intense gratitude. He recognized me as the manageress of the club. So he went, with many grumbles from those who did not get the coveted autograph, went back to their tables and their disgruntled men companions. I think that only the prospect of seeing Valentino dance in the flesh made them take heed of my request.

Rudy got up with Lady Loughborough. I had been studying his face looking for signs of that ex-appeal that had enabled him to attract millions of fans. To be honest, I couldn't find it. Later in the evening I decided to myself that his was a personality that grew on one. His expression, most of the time I saw him, was rather rooden; very reserved and almost like a mask. Not the least bit typical Latin. He had a wonderfully good figure and then, when he started to dance with Lady Loughborough, I saw perfect rhythm.

He danced magnificently, almost too perfectly, as a gigolette does. All round the room I heard bated exclamations. "How divinely he dances. Isn't he too wonderful?" Hardly one other couple took the floor. Men who got up invitingly to their women companions to begin dancing were greeted with an indignant, "No, no. I want to watch Rudolf. Do sit down."

When the band struck up again, Rudy came over to me.

"Will you give me the pleasure of dancing this?" he said. So he and I set off.

"I'm so glad you came down to see our club, Mr. Valentino," I said as we took the floor, I no doubt being the envious of all the women there.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Myrick," he replied, "for having stopped that stampede." I noticed that though he spoke perfect English his voice was not what I should describe as that of a cultured man. Educated certainly, but not cultured.

I enjoyed my dance with him, as was natural, for he danced in perfect accord with me. He did not speak at all, but seemed to concentrate entirely on his movements. And then when we had finished he bowed to me in the way I have seen him do on the screen—a bow from the waist—and said, "Thank you very much for the pleasure," and walked to his table.

Now in running night clubs one must have an eye to business always. So I went upstairs to the telephone and phoned to a girl friend of mine who I knew would be at another club.

"I thought you might be interested to know," I said to her, "that we have Rudolph Valentino here. If you care to come along, do so now."

Quarter of an hour later the porter came to me in quite a flutter.

"Miss May," he said, "there are about a dozen taxis drawn up outside. What am I to do? Are they all to come in?"

I looked out and saw there were indeed a crowd of taxis there. Then I saw the girl I had phoned to, and she had some friends with her. I opened the door and in there came altogether

about thirty people. My friend had not been long in spreading the news.

"Where is he? Has he gone yet? Oh, do let's hurry," were the remarks as they came in, and soon the dance room was crowded full as it ever had been. The newcomers were supremely happy in the thrill of watching the great star appear in the flesh, eating food, drinking wine and smoking cigarettes. All would have remained peaceful except for the smouldering wrath of the neglected men if an idiotic water had not seen fit to inform the new arrivals about the autograph rush. Instantly I had another feminine riot to quell. No woman is happy if she thinks another woman has gotten or done something that she hasn't. Men would save a lot of trouble if they would ever learn that fact.

At three o'clock our illustrious visitor came over and in a nice little speech complimented my club, thanked me for saving his life, and said he had enjoyed himself in spite of the rush. Then he left and I might as well have turned out the lights, for the women had no further interest in the place and the men were so cross they did not care. There was a rapid settling of checks and out the very thoughtful ladies filed, followed by their much-peevish escorts. I have never seen men, en masse, exhibit such catfish jealousy as Valentino inspired. They say it was always the same the world over.

In every taxi going home that night there was a row and in many a West End mansion and flat de luxe the battle was continued at breakfast, all because a perfectly well-behaved young man sipped a little champagne innocently and danced faultlessly in that club.

The hussies who haunt the smart night clubs are the last word in beauty, youth, clothes and the fine arts of making themselves irresistible to man. Styles change in hair, make-up and figure as well as clothes. One year it is the baby doll, another the flapper or ingenue type and then the dark, slinky Russian, with her chalk-white complexion in startling contrast to black hair and dark, feverish, half-mad eyes. The male is always stimulated by the new, even if at first he seems to dislike the change. But the general principles of the game are ever the same. Keep a man's attention on a woman's face and form long enough and Nature will do the rest. He will desire that woman for his very own.

It is not always as simple as that, however. Some men realize that they are hunted, like a fur-bearing animal, not for love entirely, and they become "hard-boiled," as the Americans say. Sometimes their parents are the hard-boiled ones who keep their sons in check by threats of disinheritance. Such a case was the Marquis of Y, whose real name I will not give because of the embarrassing position he got into. The keenest of the hussies had tried their wiles on this young man in vain. Not only had he built up a remarkable vamps-resistance, but his father, whom I will call the Duke of Z, had an X-ray eye for fortune hussies which every one thought was infallible.

With deep regret the girls finally gave this prize up as hopeless. Fishermen believe that any fish can be hooked if one hits on the right bait and this is certainly true of men. One night the Marquis visited the 43 Club, in a party of four, one of whom was a Mrs. X, whom we all looked over just once and then dismissed from our minds as of no interest or importance. She was a handsome woman of about 35, in that

condition known as "well-preserved." Undoubtedly she had spent a small fortune in the beauty parlors of Bond Street and, as far as clothes and jewels were concerned, could compete with the best and danced well, too.

In the flattering light of the club this woman did not look her age by ten years or rather would not have but for the fact that she was surrounded by a bevy of genuinely perfect specimens. A few nights later the Marquis appeared again, this time with Mrs. X and no others. He seemed rather attentive, too, but still we took no notice. She might be some distant relative from the provinces for whom he was doing his social duty.

It was not till their third or fourth visit that I dreamed anything serious could be in the air and then I learned it from a male gossip. This busy-body was a friend of mine and incidentally of Lord Kinnoull, my present husband. The gossip came in about half an hour after the Marquis and Mrs. X had gone downstairs and he met me in the office.

"Who's with Tony?" he asked me. As a rule I would have evaded the question. I shall tell you later how on various occasions wives would come and ask for their husbands without my mother or me knowing they were the wives of the men asked for, and the same thing happened often with regard to husbands inquiring for wives. We always professed entire ignorance and if they found out for themselves it was not our fault.

But I knew this man to be a bosom friend of the Marquis's, so without letting him see the book or giving him a name, I simply said:

"I think he is with a tallish, dark lady whom I have seen here before. You'll find them in the dance room."

"Oh," said the Marquis's friend, "Tony's merry widow again. Do you know, Miss Myrick, she's got pots of money? Owns sheep ranches in Australia as big as the whole of England. Left to her by her old man, who died a year or two ago. Looks like a match for Tony."

I was not going to exchange scandal with this incorrigible old gossip in trousers, so I just smiled, but I began to think and observe. Tony's father had a big mansion in Belgravia which was the home of Britain's aristocracy long before Mayfair and Park Lane were thought of. He also had his ducal palace in the Midlands, a big place in Scotland, and a villa in the south of France.

For all that, the Duke was a long way from being rich. He had to let each of his residences in turn to keep things going and the Marquis had an allowance of not much more than about \$5,000 a year. But he had expectations that his father had not.

He was heir to the fortune of an aunt and when she died he would come into nearly \$5,000,000. With that in front of him and his dukedom when his father died, the Marquis was an eligible "parti" for any woman, as we all knew. In the near future money would be no

object to the Marquis, but, for the immediate present, it might be quite important. Her wool and mutton millions might win where the highest grade of expert vamping had failed. Mrs. X then was not grabbing, she was buying, or so I thought and thought wrong.

The couple for some time came regularly twice a week to the club and I began to admire the woman's technique. It is quite common at clubs for the women to ask for the bill and pay it when they are better off than their escorts. I am not talking now of middle-aged women and their paid gigolos, of whom I will have more to say later. Mrs. X, in spite of her vast wealth, was letting Tony pay for everything. This would make that proud and suspicious youth feel that she was not flaunting her money in his face and it is usually a good policy for women to follow for other reasons.

It is human nature to value a thing according to how much one has invested in it. Nobody likes to take a loss and therefore we often throw good money after bad. A man hates to give up a woman on whom he has spent much money. In the same way a woman clings tenderly to that on which she has spent her precious time. During the fleeting hours of her youth time is money to a woman far more than to the busiest man.

My observation has been that mothers, when their newborn babies are first placed in their arms, view them more with alarm than love. After they have sat up nights, missed all the fun of life and lost their looks over them, then they begin to see evidence of that justly celebrated mother love. You will notice that a mother usually cares more for the one whining, peevish, invalid nuisance of a child than for all the fine, healthy ones who have given her little care. The reason is the same. Her heart is where her treasure or invested time lies.

People who do not understand this human trait wonder why men preach loudly the virtues of economical women and yet run after the opposite kind, in spite of their ruinous extravagance. It is not in spite of it but because of it. These giddy, spendthrift butterflies are not so empty-headed as they seem. They know what they are doing, but they are not telling anybody the secret. Perhaps I ought not to either, but it is a shame the way men fail to appreciate a saving wife.

At tea with a friend of Mother's, who knew the Marquis and Duke intimately, I heard the big news.

"Have you heard what Mrs. X has just done?" she said. "Taken over a big house in Berkeley Square, if you please, and they say she is stacking it with untold wealth in the way of furniture and antiques. Wonder if Tony Y will get engaged to her? It looks as if it would make a good match except, of course, my dear, she must be fifteen years older than he is."

"If one can judge by the way they are always with each other," I answered, "it looks as if they

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The Burglar and a Cracksman By William Knapp Gibbs

CASTING a hasty glance to the right and left, and having the appearance of one being pursued, a well-dressed man—darkened his face in an unusual office building, his body dark as he hurried in an inquiring path among the faces of the throng passing out of the swinging doors.

The town clocks struck six—find the one in the courthouse tower, and then, farther away, the one in the city hall. The one struck five times slowly, he waited a moment, struck eleven once with a big, final boom and was through. No amount of repairing could cure the city hall clock of this peculiarity. It kept time but kept it according to a private way of its own.

Passing in between the marble pillars that flanked the entrance of the Trades Building, the man ignored the elevators and began to ascend the stairs. Four flights up, he turned down the corridor, his footsteps being scarcely audible above the noise of the street and the frequent closing of elevator doors that slammed like the closing of an iron lip. He paused, removed an afternoon paper from his pocket and read. Dr. James Whitbeck, 456 Trade Building, left for New York this afternoon to deliver a lecture before the Medical Association, on his recently perfected cancer cure. He will be gone a week.

With cat-like steps, the figure crept toward the door which bore, in modest letters, the inscription—James Whitbeck, M. D. The clang of an elevator door startled the stolid figure. He paused, listened intently, then tried the door. Much to his surprise, it opened, and he stood face to face with a tall, dark, middle-aged man of professional bearing. "Good evening, Doctor," he said blandly. "I did not expect to find you here." The voice did not betray what was passing through the speaker's mind.

"I'll tell you why I'm here," ventured the newcomer. "I'm coming here to catch a thief." "What's the matter, have I been overcharging my patients?" questioned the other, smiling. "No, you don't understand. We're after a man who calls himself 'Jeff.' We've been on his trail for weeks, but we can't seem to get within hailing distance. We don't know what he looks like, but he invariably leaves a note for the police, signed 'Jeff.' He makes a specialty of doctoring offices."

"Why look for him here?" "For the very good reason that you are supposed to be well on your way to New York. The afternoon paper says you are to deliver a lecture in New York and left this afternoon. 'Jeff' works while the doctors are out, and we are dead sure he will come here this evening. Headquarters has a squad of men looking for him, and we'll get him sooner or later."

Then, in a confident tone, the speaker said: "You see, I'm anxious to make the 'punch' man, if, as he will give me a stronger 'pull' with the chief. I have a proposition to make, and if you'll help me I'll be sure to get him. What do you say? Will you?"

"Of course; anything I can do will give me great pleasure. You can count on me."

"Thanks. Now my proposition is this: 'Jeff' is ahead; he will pretend to be sick if he finds you here. You give him something, and while you are doing that give him every chance to get you, watch and your money. Then I'll do my part."

Barrett's persuasion won the other to the agreement to stay as long as he could and still catch an early evening train for New York. Barrett screened off one corner of the room, and selecting a comfortable chair, began his vigil.

A fine drizzle of rain dripped from the clouds. The asphalt street glistened black and shined under the electric light. A second figure, tall and slim, entered the Trades Building. He rode up to the fourth floor, walked swiftly to Room 456, he hunched a sharp glance at the clock face. He walked boldly to the doctor's office.

"It's lucky, I found you here," he said. "I was talking with a man this afternoon and he recommended you to me. I need something for my nerves; they're all gone to pieces, you know."

"That so? Come in the consulting room and let me look you over. The usual routine of a physician over the 'patient' was given a small dose of liquid from a bottle that sat on the doctor's desk. As soon as he saw he was not being watched, the "patient" turned the contents of the glass

into the cuspidor, and, turning to the doctor, said:

"How long before it works?"

"It should take effect immediately," came the reply, but you had better let me examine your heart."

The "patient" unbuttoned his coat and vest, and as the doctor went over and placed his ear to the other's chest, the latter extracted a wallet and watch from the former's pocket.

"I don't find anything two minutes with your heart, but you had better take another dose of this," and another dose from the bottle was given the "patient." This time he was watched and he had to swallow it. He thought it quite the worst of anything he ever had tasted.

"Let me know how you feel tomorrow."

"Yes—" a hand was laid roughly on the speaker's shoulder, interrupting his reply. "What's the meaning of this?" he demanded, when he had regained his equilibrium.

"The chief wants to see you, 'Jeff,'" calmly announced Barrett. "We've 'queered' your little game at last. I happened to see you lift Doctor Whitbeck's wallet and watch last night. So you're 'dip' too, eh? We didn't know that before."

"Well, you got me," said the prisoner, dejectedly. "But I'm no piker. I'll go quietly."

"These will make me feel a little more secure," remarked Barrett, as he fastened the handcuffs on the prisoner's wrists. Turning to the doctor, he said: "We'll want to see you probably when you get back from New York."

"But what about my watch and my money?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, you'll get them all right. We need them for evidence and I'll have to take them to the station."

The two men—detective and prisoner—passed out and closed the door. The physician called a taxicab company and asked them to have a taxi in front of the Trades Building in forty-five minutes.

The outer door of 456 Trades Building opened noiselessly. Two figures entered stealthily. As the light was switched on, one who had been present at the little "drama" enacted thirty minutes before, would have recognized the two as the same detective and prisoner, although now the handcuffs were not as evident.

"Guess we gave the old boy the slip, Jim," said Barrett. "He felt for our game like a two-year-old."

"I wish you didn't need to handle me so rough," broke in the other.

"I watched you take your medicine," chaffed Barrett. "Was it good?"

"Oh, you make me sick! Let's get this job done and get out of here." "That's all we want," he said. "If we've overlooked anything, I'm sorry." As the two moved from the consulting room, they faced a .44 calibre revolver.

"The game's up, boys," said the man who, at that moment, was master of the situation. "I'll take my watch and money."

"You're a shrewd one, all right. Do you want to take our last right to you?"

"Cut that chatter and face the wall," they ordered. "Now I'll just relieve you of these cannons. That's better. Now, unload everything you have in your pockets and be quick about it. That chauffeur down in front will get restless if I keep him waiting much longer."

At the point of the revolver the two culprits did as they were bidden.



"Sure you haven't missed anything?" asked the man with the gun.

"That's all there is, boss."

"How about the handcuffs?" "You got 'em," replied Barrett, doggedly.

"Put one on your wrist and

one on your pal's," ordered the man with the gun. "Now, let me give you a tip. My car is waiting down in front; don't you two

make any noise or try to follow me or I'm afraid I might lose control of my trigger-finger."

"Aren't you going to send us

"It's lucky I found you here, Doctor," the newcomer began. At most immediately.

Keeping them both covered with his revolver, the man picked up the grip, opened the office door and inserted the key from the outside, then answered "I'm off."

The door closed softly, the key cracked in the lock, and he was gone.

to 'sit'?" queried Barrett, somewhat surprised.

"No, I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, that's sure white of you, Doc."

Then in slow, measured tones, came the reply:

"Doctor Whitbeck left for New York this afternoon."

"What?" came from Barrett and his pal, almost as one word.

"You heard me, now keep quiet. That chauffeur is waiting and I don't want to miss him, especially since I have to carry this grip you were so generous as to pack for me."

"Say, pal," began Barrett, "you're clever, but who are you?"

"I'm Jeff."

Keeping them both covered with his revolver, the man picked up the grip, opened the office door and inserted the key from the outside, then answered "I'm off."

The door closed softly, the key cracked in the lock, and he was gone.

THE END.

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Arm Or Leg Hair Now Easy To Really Get Rid Of

Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth



By a total lack of stubble, you now feel the difference between this and old days.



Not only is slightest hair of coarsened or growth beautiful but almost disappears.

A Discovery That Is Proving to be the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Re-appearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its re-appearance remarkably. It is changing previous conceptions of cosmetics about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rise off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

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YOU SAY IT COULDN'T
HAPPEN TO YOU



... COULDN'T IT ?

EVERY once in a while you have an evening spoiled. Perhaps it's by a good looking woman who sits beside you at the theatre. Instantly you know that her toilet did not include the use of a perspiration disinfectant.

You think with assurance, "That could never happen with me." ... Couldn't it? Are you sure?

Unless your assurance is based on the regular use of a dependable deodorant, you can't always be sure!

For underarm odor is a mean, tricky thing. If you forget to use precautions, even on a single occasion, it is liable to creep in.

The simplest way to make sure of yourself is just to use Mum when you dress.

That's the wonderful thing about Mum, you know. You can use it any time, anywhere. A minute is all you need!

No directions to follow, no tedious delay. Just apply a little bit of this snow-crown with your finger-tip, and slip on your dress. That's all there is to it!

For there's nothing in Mum that burns fabrics. And nothing that irritates the skin. You can use Mum right after shaving—and never a smart or a burn.

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Mum doesn't interfere with healthful perspiration. It simply destroys disagreeable odor. Use it regularly every day—the sure of yourself. Mum is 35¢ and 60¢ at all toilet goods counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 50 Varck St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address: Windsor, Ontario.

FOR SANITARY HAPKINS. This is a special use which careful women appreciate. Mum gives comforting protection from embarrassment.



And when he turned round

Lava Love by Lucy Castello

(Continued from Page 14)

profound happiness, although people are apt to forget the fact. For there really is no death, is there?

"I do not know," Conchita said no further than life and what it might bring to her. She felt at sea when Carlos asked in this way.

"What I meant was that, for your sake, I wished it could only be proved that she was alive," she said, returning to practical things, anxious mostly to assure him that she was fond of Adora.

"We must take it that she is not," said Carlos, and held Conchita's little hand to his cheek for a moment, as though he found support and strength in the touch of her soft flesh.

And now let us talk about yourself," he added suddenly. "You were speaking earlier to-day—at least Luis—as about returning to the mainland. I hope you need think of no such thing for some time yet."

"You do not want me to go, Carlos," she asked, looking up at him out of dark, lustrous eyes.

"I cannot be left alone," yet, he answered. "Is there any real need for you to go?"

"It is Luis who wants to go," Conchita replied, diplomatically, knowing quite well why that was the case, for Luis was in a fever of anxiety to get himself and Adora across the water to where Carlos would never be traced. But she expressed the reason differently.

"Luis seems to have some good business reasons for getting back," she explained. "I do not know what they are. He never tells me his business plans. He says that women do not understand business."

"Perfectly right. Woman's sphere is in the home. Of course, if you must go, I cannot say anything against it. But—I shall be left here very lonely. Conchita, I have been thinking. Why could not Luis transfer his business over here? Better still, why could he not sell it to someone on the mainland, and come over here with you to settle and—perhaps to join me?"

For the minute, Conchita could not find a word to say. Once that happened, she knew that Carlos was hers. But would Luis agree? Luis was mad

"If only I could help you!" Breathed Conchita emotionally, leaning towards him. "You must know, Carlos, that I would do anything in the world for you."

over Adora, his sister, knew. And it would be hard to win him over from that madness. However, Conchita felt that point he over for the moment. She thought of herself, of marriage with Carlos, and afterwards—his estate and social position in Spain. So, on a thought, she branched off from the main question.

"But—didn't you say before Adora disappeared that you were thinking of going back to Spain and taking up your estates, Carlos?" she asked.

"I did think of it then," he nodded. "And—as far as that goes, Conchita, I may think of it again. I do not really believe that—without Adora—I can stay on here. I am trying, you see, to forget her. If only I were helped."

"If only I could help you!" breathed Conchita ecstatically, leaning towards him. "You must know, Carlos, that I would do anything in the world for you."

"I love you so much as to make any sacrifice for your sake. It is possible that I could help you to forget our dear, lost Adora? For I do really think of her as dear, because you loved her and so I must love her memory too. Carlos, could I share your life with you and help banish even the memory of sorrow from your dear mind and heart? Once I did think you loved me."

Very lovely indeed she did look as she made that seemingly artless and sentimental appeal to him. The impassioned face with its dark flashing eyes and burning red lips. The luscious beauty of her figure, the gently heaving breast which the low frock suggested rather than disclosed, the fair skin, the perfume from her hair. These would have affected the strongest of men. They did indeed seem to affect the Spaniard.

CHAPTER XXI.
Conchita Acts Well.

CARLOS rose suddenly from his seat, as if uncertain of himself, and passed out into the moonlit veranda, standing there deep in thought. Conchita remained lurng, watching him, her dark eyes fired by a feverish anxiety, anticipation, hope. She felt that he was melting, that—in his loneliness and unhappiness—he must turn to her.

But she could not see the face of Carlos, and—for the peace of her mind—she was perhaps as well that she did not. For his face might have been that of the devil himself, it was set in so frenzied a grimace. A devil indeed, she felt inwardly. He had been a devil incarnate secretly ever since Adora's disappearance. And, until she was found, he would remain a devil.

As Adora had guessed, nothing could convince him that she was dead. He could not believe—and he still believed—that she had been abducted and was hidden away somewhere. He believed that Conchita and Luis had been responsible, and knew where she was. But to accuse them of this had seemed to him the most foolish thing he could do.

So he had pretended to believe in the suggestion offered by the discovery of that pitiful, water-drenched little frock in the native fisherman's boat. He had seemed to accept the verdict of El Capitan Diego Vendoto. He had openly declared that, Adora must be dead. And he had deliberately lulled Conchita into a sense of safety at his hands, in deep into an impression that he was a man to be trusted by her cunning little fingers.

And when he turned round again to face her, returning to his slow and considered steps, all the devil had disappeared from his face, which wore an expression of gentle supplication. His voice was equally gentle, and so were his eyes as he regarded her steadily, while—

from beneath a velvet cloak, to speak, he stabbed her as he intended to do, while watching her the result. He said:

"On the day that Adora's dead body was recovered and she was found beyond all doubt, Conchita, I shall ask you to be my wife. But till then—no! It would be impossible."

Turning, the actress as Conchita was she forced for an instant that the tale was set, that she was playing a part and must not let her emotions in. In fact let Carlos see the truth. What happened passed in an instant. A sudden movement of alarm, so tiny as scarcely to be noticed. A flicker of disappointment in her eyes. A momentary tightening of the lip. Then she branched forward, believing that the gentle eyes of Don Carlos had been blind.

"And—supposing the body is never found?" she asked, her breath. "Supposing the death is never proved?"

"It must be, before I marry anyone else," Don Carlos shrugged, and sat down again, taking up his hands in his hair.

He knew something of the truth now, enough at least for him to be on the right track. He had not been so blind as Conchita had hoped. Still, he had discovered very little—merely that, if she wished, she could at once assure him that Adora was not dead, and she knew it. Many times, he did not fail to think from her, nor did he fail to think of all in his manner that he had been told. It was much to him.

"I do not think I shall hard on me, Carlos," she said, after a moment of silence. "I am so to wait, perhaps all my life, looking and yearning for her. I could not bear that."

Conchita did not know that she had been the same had Adora been alive. She could not tell, but she could not tell, and she still she found a retort.

"I would somehow have been different. I should at least have known then that you were happy in your marriage; and, because I loved you, I should have been content. Here, in the present case, it is not quite so. Here, you are lonely and so am I. Yet we are not to belong to each other. The deal of Adora is—lost forever."

"Sometimes, Conchita, I find myself asking if Adora is really dead," he repeated, and brushed his shoulders. "Of course I know I have said before that she must have been drowned. But, deep down in my heart, I somehow cannot find it possible to believe this thing. You see, I left her in the morning, so gay and pretty, waiting till I came back with the priest. Then, she was gone. I had some—suggested loss of reason—this wandering off—this drowning in the sea."

"If only I could help you!" Breathed Conchita emotionally, leaning towards him. "You must know, Carlos, that I would do anything in the world for you."

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"Why, yes, Carlos. It does seem strange. But—there it is. What other explanation can possibly be put forward?"

Conchita tried to hide the impatience she felt, her disappointment at this unexpected stand at a moment when she had believed Carlos was delivering himself into her hands, as Rosina gave himself to Don Luis. Carlos did not seem to sense the disappointment. He sat there for her, outwardly stolid and unmoved, like a sphinx which was smiling, sheer concrete and stone.

"I don't know, Conchita, but," he said, frowning slowly in

front of him. "I really don't know. But I cannot rid myself of the feeling that Adora is not dead. It is perhaps her heart calling to mine. In cases of real and deep love, it sometimes happens so that people, however far apart, transmit their thoughts to each other."

"I don't believe it!" Conchita, unable to bear any more, rose to her feet, gesturing with little white flashing hands. "You imagine it! Adora must be dead. If she is not dead—"

"Wait!" asked Carlos as he suddenly left her sentence unended.

Conchita gestured again. She could not produce a dead body, and therefore was seemingly lost so far as Carlos and Rosina were concerned, she was thinking quickly how the events of all finding of Adora alive might serve her, if managed with cunning.

"Of course, it's probably silly of me to think such a thing," she spoke doubtfully, frowning attractively. "Perfectly silly," she said. "But the thought did come."

"What thought, Conchita?" Carlos prompted her, not so happily indifferent as he sounded.

"She shrugged gracefully and laid soft fingers on his arm. "If you are so sure in your mind, Carlos, I shall do as you replied. Let us think of her for a moment as alive. You first of all, went on the supposition that she had been abducted. But we have searched. There were no signs near the house or anywhere of any struggle. You have had the town searched by police. I had parts of it. You have given up even supposing that Adora was."

"All of which is true enough," he agreed. "But it does not mean"

Continued on Page 21

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Fear Of Fear By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

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out somehow, to make him human and likable.

Norah had pored from the bench rug and was curled up among the cushions on theavenport. She seemed to have calmly accepted Jimmy's assurance as to my ability in handling the situation, and the fact worried me.

"You'll have to tell me a bit more," I said. "I don't think it's yelousy that's started Grant on this rampage."

"I think so. Although he says it's because the stars are against my marriage to Dick. He declares the spirits will bring some terrible curse on us if I marry him."

"Stars and spirits," murmured Jimmy. "My word, the fellow does not think, does he?"

"Yes and lately he's seemed sort of confused, almost as though something were wrong with him."

"You mean you think he's crazy?"

"No," she seemed to have difficulty in expressing her thoughts. "Not exactly that. It's more as though he were worried about something. I've noticed it particularly when I've been alone with him. The other day he got right up in the middle of a conversation, walked across to some curtains at the farther end of his study and jerked them back quickly, as though he were expecting to catch someone, although he must have known there was nobody there."

"Well," Jimmy considered. "That sounds funny, but there's probably a simple explanation for it."

"I suppose so." She was plainly making some mental reservation. "But that wasn't the thing I really meant. I only mentioned it because of what happened later."

You see, he was advising me about a contract and it was lying open on the desk. After he'd looked behind the curtains he went on talking and while he talked he was fiddling with a pencil. You know how some people are about a pencil, they simply can't help writing with it? Well, Grant is like that. He's always writing letters and words on everything." She paused and, leaning forward, her eyes growing large. "Do you know, when I got home and looked over my contract, I found three words scrawled all over it."

"And they were?"

"Fear of fear."

"Just what I said. 'Fear of fear.' Sometimes it was in capital letters and sometimes it was written small, but always the same words."

"Fear of fear," Jimmy mused. "Now that's what I call good copy. If I were let alone I could make something out of that. It's short. Succinct. And suggests a lot of things. R suggests—"

We never learned what it suggested because Friday opened the door at that moment. His black face was inscrutable, but his eyes were rolling slightly, a sure sign of emotion.

"Dinner's ready, Miss Lane." We all rose with the pleasant anticipation of people whose last meal was some six hours past. I remember I was even essaying some frothy joke when Friday's words fell like a bombshell.

"To maid here telephoning you, Miss Fallon, but I told her you wasn't to be disturbed, so she gave me the message. She says to have a gentleman name of Grant has been found dead."

"Dead?" Norah gasped, my arm.

"Yes, ma'am. Dead. 'Did... did she tell you who I mean, what killed him?'"

"She said they didn't rightly know, but he was found in his scene room," she said. It looked like he'd been plumb scared to death."

CHAPTER III.

Murder Is Suspected.

THERE was no dinner eaten that night. Jimmy and I tried to persuade Norah to take something, but it was useless. From the moment Friday made his announcement, she seemed to be consumed by some inner excitement. Her first quick movement was toward the telephone. Getting her maid on the wire, she asked a few questions which elicited no new information, then hung up the receiver and turned to Jimmy.

"I hate to ruin your dinner party," she said, "but I couldn't possibly eat a bite after this. I'm too upset."

"I should think it would relieve your mind," I told her. "If Grant's dead, he can't do any more harm."

"He can't," she agreed, "but how do I know those awful things he dug up about me won't fall into the hands of someone else?"

"Did he commit them to paper?"

"Yes; there was a long envelope full of typewritten notes. He kept it in a file near his desk and anyone could get hold of it."

There was a moment of silence while we pondered the situation, then Jimmy spoke slowly, "I think I might be able to get the stuff back for you. I'm on rather good terms with the police just now."

of horror. "You don't think his death is anything the police will be brought into?"

"I don't know... yet. You'd better let me until we find out."

He paused a minute, then asked, "When did you last see Grant?"

"About nine o'clock last night. He had a sentence, but he talked with me for a few minutes before the people came."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing new. Just kept insisting that I break off my engagement with Dick."

"And you refused?"

"Not exactly. You see, Dick's been out of town and I didn't think Grant would do anything until he came back. I figured once we were married he'd give up his crazy ideas, so I tried to play for time. I've had to handle a lot of men in life, but never anyone like Harlan Grant. Most of the time he was like a great block of granite, apparently without any feeling, but when he let out any feeling, it was like an eruption. He insisted that I was the only woman he'd ever loved and he was really getting pretty wild when the people began arriving for the scene."

"What did you do next?"

"I managed to get away, but I was so nervous I didn't want to go back to the hotel. It was after nine and I slipped into a theatre to see the last half of a picture. Then I got a cup of chocolate at a sweet shop and went home to bed about eleven-thirty. Even then I couldn't sleep, so I got up early this morning and rode out to the park, where I met you and Ruggles."

Jimmy nodded.

"O. K.," he said. "I know the rest."

He was moving over toward the door and Norah looked up eagerly.

"Where are you going?"

"To find out what's happened. I want you to stay here and eat dinner while we're gone."

"Oh, I couldn't," she protested, but something in his expression seemed to warn her and she dropped back. "Oh, all right, I'll try."

"Good girl! We may have some news when we get back and I'd rather find you were here."

He paused and instructed Friday to serve a tray in the study, then returned to the door. "By the way, you said the audience of yours was out of town didn't you?"

She swung about and I saw that her eyes had narrowed a trifle as though she were suddenly on guard.

"Dick? Oh, yes, he's been out of town for several days. A lot of scientists are meeting down at Mt. Wilson and he's springing some new theory on 'em."

"You're dead sure he wasn't in the city last night?"

For a fraction of a second she hesitated, then, "I can assure you I haven't seen him for three days. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said Jimmy lightly. "Behave yourself and don't worry while we're gone."

In the car he explained his plans a bit more in detail. "We may find it's nothing but a wild goose chase so far as Grant's death is concerned. But that isn't quite right. Those lies about her oughtn't to be left around loose."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to locate my Corrigan. He'll know the inside dope if anyone does."

Corrigan is a friendly enemy of Jimmy Lane's; the two were on rival papers some years before and even now, when there is no possibility of their running counter to each other, they enjoy tiling—in memory of the old days. When anything "breaks" in the press Jimmy is pretty sure to seek out Corrigan, who has a bloodhound's nose for news and a bull dog's tenacity for hanging on to leads.

For almost the only time during those hectic days, we played into luck. Corrigan was just leaving the office as we turned in. He was looking sour, and Jimmy's questions did nothing to lighten his gloom.

Yes, he informed us, Grant was dead, beautifully dead and stiff when found. Too late to do anything for him, therefore the finding might just as well have been delayed a few hours until past the time when the evening sheets could scoop the Corrigan. But, of course, they had to discover the body just right for the P. M. s.

There was so much of this meaning that it required the firmness on Jimmy's part to get at the facts.

To the first question raised a load from my mind.

"Sure it was natural death. What made you think it wasn't?"

"Nothing," Jimmy said hastily. "What did he die of?"

found he'd died during the night."

"Not much of a story," said Jimmy shrewdly. "I don't see why you're so cut up about his breaking in the evening papers."

"Well, there's things about it that make it interesting," Corrigan explained. "In the first place, he was a kind of a mysterious guy and a lot of big bugs were mixed up with him. The boss thought I might be able to get a story, so I'm going out to take a look-see."

Jimmy brought out his cigarette case and selected a smoke with some care.

"That's all," he inquired casually.

Corrigan nodded. "Yes; except one thing that the papers have played up big. Everyone who saw Grant after he was found made the same remark. He looked exactly as though he'd been something horrible, and it had scared him to death."

"Year of fear," murmured Jimmy, and Corrigan stared.

"What's that?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

(Continued on Page 21)



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(Continued from Page 26)

veyed each other, and I saw that Corrigan was wavering.

"Now, what have you got up the little old sleeve?" he asked. "My well-known intuition tells me there's more to this than meets the eye."

Jimmy grinned at him implicitly and signalled me to step back into the machine, which was waiting at the curb.

"Mebbe," he agreed, "but whatever I find out—remember, you refused my help, and it belongs to me."

We drove off, leaving Corrigan still standing on the curb, and Jimmy chuckled.

"I'm glad he turned us down," he said. "I've just had a suspicion of an idea."

"What is it?" I asked suspiciously, but he only yawned.

"I hate to repeat myself. Just listen and you'll find out. He reached back of the seat and brought forth a newspaper. "We'd better look this over. It's got the latest dope."

For a moment we studied the thing. It told us nothing about what we already knew; but there was a picture of Grant—taken, I surmised, some years before. He was a square-jawed, heavy-set man, with a long, moustache, pale eyes and a full, sensual mouth.

"Had for a newspaper cut," Jimmy observed. "You can see that he had a sort of rugged good looks. That's probably why two-thirds of his clients were fool females."

The car was already climbing the steep slope of Russian Hill, and Jimmy was leaning forward, his face set in a grimace.

"The night was bitter cold and the wind was blowing from the north. It blew little bits of salt moisture against the window panes. Near

the crest the chauffeur drew to the curb and stopped the car.

"You'll have to walk the rest, sir. It's not a driving street."

We stepped from the tonneau, and he pointed up a corner street, saying that would have taken a Rocky Mountain goat. "I think it's that house on the corner, third down from the top."

The one with the big window that's got a light in it."

Jimmy ordered him to wait and we climbed the terraced sidewalk that led up the steep incline. There was a group of three houses which had, apparently, been built upon the same plan. They were alike externally, except that each rose a story above the other; their gardens, or the little plot of grass and shrubbery which passed as gardens, ran together, and their roofs topped each other with geometrical precision.

The first of these was plainly the house we were seeking. It stood on the corner where the ground sloped away so rapidly that it seemed to rear to a height almost terrifying.

There was shrubbery against its lower walls, and a pine so twisted and out of shape by the wind from the sea. I was growing up the hill and hung festooned from the eaves. This was swaying now in the night wind, and there was a faint drift, drip of moisture from the eaves.

It looked as though a myriad of glass wings were craning across the face of the house.

I half expected to find Corrigan waiting for me, but he had evidently been too quick for him. There was no one on the door, and the house, only one shadowy animal, which sprang away as we approached, and then, I thought, but there was something about the place and the eerie rustling of the

leaves which made crinkles run up my spine, and affected my eyesight as well, for it seemed to me that the little creature had not run along the side of the house, but that it had sprung up the wall and disappeared among the shadowy spiders created by the street lamp.

Without waiting for Jimmy, I put out my hand to ring the bell, but it came in contact with something soft and clinging that hung on the door—a crepe bow of a funeral wreath. Suddenly I remembered that a man had died in that house less than twenty-four hours before, and that he was supposed to have been in close contact with the spirit world. At the same moment I discovered a great mistake for the business in hand.

"Hang it all," I snapped at Jimmy, "this is your expedition. Why don't you do something?"

"I am doing something," his voice came back from the darkness, and I found that he was not beside me, but at the other end of the porch, glancing up at a lighted window overhead. "I'm wondering what's going on up there."

"It's hardly the time to be spying," I said tartly. "You'd better find the bell before you get shot for a burglar."

He turned back and twisted the old-fashioned handle. An instant later we heard the dim echoes of a bell somewhere within the house. When one door did open it was behind us, in the next house. It was thrown open with violence and a man stepped out onto the porch.

The drop of the land was so sudden that the place where he stood was some ten or twelve feet above us. This fact, combined with his unusual height and the shadowy play of the light, which came from behind, made of him a

thing carefully out. It is our one hope."

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Dear By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

in the house and, as I glanced up, I could have sworn that a hand raised the shade a trifle, then lowered it again. Jimmy applied himself to the bell and rang so continuously that the sound reverberated through the house.

After a time, when it seemed that my nerves were stretched to the breaking point, I heard footsteps coming from above; they were evidently descending a stair, for they became more and more distinct until they were just behind the door—then they seemed to recede, to die away completely.

All this sounds simple as I tell it. Nothing to startle nor alarm. But standing in the dark shadow of the porch with its overhanging veil of rustling ivy and facing the funeral wreath on the door it was strongly eerie and unpleasant. I said as much to Jimmy.

"There's no use your clanging that confounded bell. No one's going to answer."

"Does it get on your nerves?" "It's giving me the jitters."

"Then it'll get on the nerves of the fellow in there twice as badly, and he'll open the door if only to shut us up."

With that he went at the bell until I wondered that the mysterious inmate of the house didn't take a shot at him from the window. I even planned to slip behind a pillar of the porch if I heard the door open. But when one door did open it was behind us, in the next house. It was thrown open with violence and a man stepped out onto the porch.

The drop of the land was so sudden that the place where he stood was some ten or twelve feet above us. This fact, combined with his unusual height and the shadowy play of the light, which came from behind, made of him a

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giant specter... and the specter was that of the dead man, Grant. I think even Jimmy was startled, for he stepped back quickly, and I heard him catch his breath. But it was only an instant for the specter vanished, and at his first words, we

know he was no ghost. For the space of a full minute he loomed over the edge of the porch and cursed us.

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Now—you can have gleaming white teeth in just a few days. Science has discovered the way to remove yellow and stain—whiten teeth 3 shades whiter. It's called the KOLYNOS Dry-Brush Technique. Try it—use a half-inch of this scientific dental cream on a dry brush twice a day. You'll see a marked change overnight. When KOLYNOS enters the mouth it instantly becomes a refreshing FOAM. This FOAM does the work. First it removes yellow and stain and destroys the millions of mouth-germs—150 million in 15 seconds—that cause most tooth and gum troubles. It stimulates the gums and purifies the mouth. Then it CLEANS THE TIGHT RIGHT DOWN TO THE BONE.

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KOLYNOS the antiseptic DENTAL CREAM

Lava Love by Inez Castello

Don't you see? You must force her to write a letter to Carlos, which will convince him. In that case, he has promised to think me. We have only to think

herself—well, if I were only sure of that. "Yes!" This time it was Conchita's turn to hasten on what was to be said.

"If I found that Adora was alive, and did not want to be my wife—well, then I should feel free to marry you, Conchita mia. And no more willingly."

Just then Luis came in and the subject was dropped. Conchita, outwardly calm, was inwardly disturbed. She had never from the first been too enthusiastic over the plot to abduct Adora, which had originated with Luis. She had agreed to it, after Luis had settled details with de Costa, because it would remove Adora from her path. And of course, discovering afterwards that a marriage between her and Carlos was actually imminent, Conchita had been the better pleased over that removal.

Conchita did not care at all what happened to the other girl so long as she herself was left with Carlos. But now—in his expected decision—Conchita discovered herself to be check-mated. Unless she could make some move to avoid that fate. With Carlos in the house it was too dangerous to discuss the device of the next day, opportunity did occur when Carlos was away on his estate. Conchita explained to Luis exactly what had transpired. Luis was impatient, angry.

"What a little fool you are!" he said. "Fancy suggesting that she might be alive! You'd better be careful, cara mia, and hold that little red tongue of yours, which was made for love-making and not for interfering with men's well-laid plans. Adora remains dead, so far as Carlos is concerned. She is going to be shipped over to the mainland in the next few days and kept where Carlos will never think of looking for her."

"I don't think so at all, Luis," his sister remarked emphatically. "You must understand that I am as much interested in Adora as you are, and perhaps more so. I cannot afford to have her standing behind me and Carlos—still less his money and estate. Nor, when you come to think of it, can you, Luis."

"That certainly is quite true. But—there is no way out of it, Luis," pursued Conchita relentlessly. "Either Adora has to be rescued—dead, or alive, but unwilling to marry Carlos. The first is impossible. The second must be made possible. We have to think out some plan by which Adora must be forced to convince Carlos that she can away to avoid him and never wants to see him again."

"Well, that certainly might be managed..." Luis was frosty. "I don't care what happens," he said, "so long as I get that girl. I don't care even for Carlos's money. He can keep it so long as I have her."

"Very well," Conchita shrugged and smiled, looking at Luis with a superior compassion. "If we plan right, you can still keep Adora while I get Carlos."

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ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at \$1.00.

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Just spread it on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, fragrant, smooth cream, safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious in the price tube, twice the size of all the gels. It is the most modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair, without irritation, and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

Giant tube 50¢

And if you wait on using the harsh razor at times... take this advice from one who knows. Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread ZIP-SHAVE over the surface... and shave. The application of ZIP-SHAVE not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chafe. Giant tube, 50¢. (Treat your husband to a tube of ZIP-SHAVE if he dreads the shave.)

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YOU
REALLY SAVE

GETS-IT *Fastest Way*

Cooking Vegetables the Waterless Way

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ONE of the most frequent inquiries to appear in my mail bag is this: "Shall I cook my vegetables without any water? Some of my friends say this is the best way. What do you advise?"

This is not a new query, but in this gay month of June, with its wealth of crisp, freshly picked and abundant vegetables and with brides grabbing a cookbook and starting off on unknown and often perilous cooking paths, it may be well to re-examine some familiar things as to the technique of cooking vegetables.

Asparagus, carrots, new beets, peas like pearls, jaunty string-beans, chard, spinach, of course; tomatoes, too, and in a moment new green lima beans, okra and peppers—the problem of "how to cook vegetables" assumes a daily and a seasonal importance.

Can we cook vegetables without water? Let's first look at our vegetables. As every school child now knows, they fall into two groups—the leafy, or "green," and the root. Their structure consists of fibre (or cellulose) surrounding cells which contain starch, water or mineral salts (vitamins). Now, in the green vegetables the percentage of moisture is astonishingly great and often quite overlooked by the housewife. Here are the percentages of water contained in some familiar vegetables:

Asparagus	90%
Beets	85%
Carrots	80%
Celery	75%
Corn	70%
Cucumbers	95%
Green Beans	85%
Peas	80%
Spinach	90%
Tomatoes	95%
Turnips	80%
Winter Squash	85%

In other words, green vegetables are almost all water in themselves and are best cooked in their own moisture, making their fibres tender enough for agreeable eating. This means, then, little water as possible. And, following this dictum, we can set down a number of ways in which this may be done practically:

- 1.—In an ordinary saucepan, place 1 cup boiling water in the bottom, tightly and simmer over a low fire.
- 2.—Place 1/2 cup boiling water in bottom of a deep fryer or deep fryer, place 1/2 cup boiling water in bottom of a deep fryer or deep fryer, place 1/2 cup boiling water in bottom of a deep fryer or deep fryer.
- 3.—In a steam pressure cooker, place 1/2 cup boiling water in bottom of a deep fryer or deep fryer, place 1/2 cup boiling water in bottom of a deep fryer or deep fryer.
- 4.—In a pressure cooker, place 1/2 cup boiling water in bottom of a deep fryer or deep fryer, place 1/2 cup boiling water in bottom of a deep fryer or deep fryer.

We may say, the greener the vegetable the less the water it will require in cooking. For example, with its 90 per cent of own moisture, and so it comes fresh from its many rainings, is the one vegetable which can be cooked in true waterless fashion.

For all other green vegetables we can safely rule not more than a cup of boiling water is necessary. However, it is only silly to try to cook all vegetables without a drop of water. I have found that when this is tried, even with the heaviest of cast aluminum skillets, the vegetables are coarse, flavored, darker in color, and there is greater danger of scorching.

With the green vegetables, particularly spinach, Brussels sprouts, asparagus and cabbage, a second important rule is to cook as quickly as possible. This is to prevent their bright green color from fading. That is why all these vegetables should be dropped into water at a bubbling boil to set their color and to shorten the time of cooking.

It is the greatest mistake to place any vegetable in a pan of cold water and let it come to the boil, for this spoils the color and the texture.

It has been the one dependable bird specific for some time. It has been the one dependable bird specific for some time. It has been the one dependable bird specific for some time.

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side that worst practice of dissolving out the important mineral salts—the most important and valuable quality which the vegetable has to offer.

Overcooking is the common mistake of many old as well as new cooks. This fault results not only in loss of bright green color, but also in loss of firmness and pleasing texture. Who does not recall the unpleasant, soggy, dark brown mass of the old fashioned boiled cabbage? Or the extremely unattractive appearance of Brussels sprouts which have been overcooked and are thus

coarse and brown instead of a bright, attractive green?

Personally, I cook all these stronger flavored vegetables with the lid off, so that their volatile oils will escape. Or I follow the plan of pouring boiling water over these vegetables and letting them stand in it for 5 minutes to blanch—pouring off this first water and then cooking in a cup or less, according to our accepted rule.

For the household who likes vegetables, either or several of a meal, no utensil is better than the decked steam cooker. One may

place peas, asparagus and potatoes in each of the compartments—and rhubarb, for example, in a glass casserole in another. At the end of 30 minutes or less all foods would be tender, cooked at a cost of only one burner of fuel. It must be recalled, though, that all steaming takes a little longer than the usual open-kettle boiling.

I mentioned that in baking vegetables a more pleasing result is obtained if they are baked at a high temperature. This is because vegetables so baked are done in less time and have a much

better color. For to secure bright vegetables it is not necessary to resort to the proverbial "pinch of soda"—it is only necessary to cook them quickly in bubbling water and for as short a time as possible to enable them to become tender.

"How shall I cook asparagus so that the tips and ends are all tender at the same time?" is another common question. The easiest way is to cut off the hard white ends and cook them separately from the tips. Or simply (cut off) cooking 15 minutes ahead of when the delicate tips are added to the water.

Another familiar plan is to use a double boiler and to start the bunch of asparagus upright in the lower part of the boiler, using the upper part inverted over the tips, to keep the steam in. If asparagus is fresh it will cook in 10 minutes or less. If old and tough no amount of time will make its fibres really appealing.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit Scrambled Eggs Milk Toast Lunch Scalloped Potatoes Cucumber Butter Dinner Pork Chops Peas Potatoes Shrimp One Egg Cake	Breakfast Fruit Milk Cereal Lunch Scalloped Potatoes Cucumber Butter Dinner Pork Chops Peas Potatoes Shrimp One Egg Cake	Breakfast Fruit Milk Cereal Lunch Scalloped Potatoes Cucumber Butter Dinner Pork Chops Peas Potatoes Shrimp One Egg Cake	Breakfast Fruit Milk Cereal Lunch Scalloped Potatoes Cucumber Butter Dinner Pork Chops Peas Potatoes Shrimp One Egg Cake	Breakfast Fruit Milk Cereal Lunch Scalloped Potatoes Cucumber Butter Dinner Pork Chops Peas Potatoes Shrimp One Egg Cake	Breakfast Fruit Milk Cereal Lunch Scalloped Potatoes Cucumber Butter Dinner Pork Chops Peas Potatoes Shrimp One Egg Cake	Breakfast Fruit Milk Cereal Lunch Scalloped Potatoes Cucumber Butter Dinner Pork Chops Peas Potatoes Shrimp One Egg Cake

American Weekly Patterns



A DAINTY FROCK FOR A Dainty Little Girl (7202). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size of one material without sleeves and with collar, or with sleeves and collar, will require 2 1/2 yards 29 inch wide. The collar of contrasting material requires 1 yard.

A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK (7206). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 38-inch material. For facing at neck and for sleeve bands of contrasting material, 1/2 yard will be required.

A SIMPLE, PLEASANT MODEL (7223). Designed in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 38-inch material. The slash of ribbon will require 1/4 yard.

A SEASONABLE STYLE (7201). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of material 39 inches wide. If made with long sleeves, 4 1/2 yards will be required.

AN ATTRACTIVE AFTERNOON DRESS FOR MATURE FIGURES WITH SLENDER HIPS (6366). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inch bust measure, with corresponding waist and hip measure. A 46-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of material 39 inches wide. For vent and sleeve cuffs of contrasting material 3/4 yard, 3/8 yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise.

CHILD'S BEACH SUIT (7211). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. A 3-year size requires 1 yard of material 36 inches wide. To finish with bias binding or piping requires 3/4 yard 1/2 inches wide.

GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS (7211). Designed in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material (for both middy dress and skirt). As pictured, it will require 1 1/2 yards

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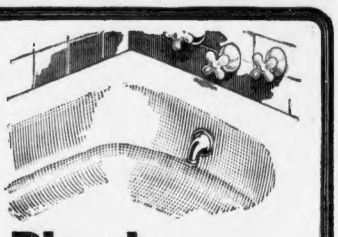
End them safely

Now—before other think of you as "older"—in the time to touch up those first gray streaks. Millions—both men and women—have discovered this way to recolor fading strands. Just combing clear liquid through hair brings color wanted: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Gentle—safe. Hair expert and lustrous.

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Color of your hair: _____



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Into a woman's kitchen—16 years ago... came the first bright piece of Pyrex glassware. Transparent as a crystal goblet... and as safe in oven heat as pans of metal ware.

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No metal wear, occur it as you will, can equal this bright record. And no metal ware comes to sit at table... in your house or mine! But Pyrex glassware does, and takes a rightful place among the finest china, glass and silver there.

Only 10¢ for a custard cup... 25¢ to 50¢ for many handy pieces. In hardware shops and department stores.

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The Koremlu Cream Method is the guaranteed way to safely, easily and surely remove all superfluous hair permanently—from face, legs, arms and underarms.

Koremlu Cream so neutralizes the natural "feeding" of the hair and so weakens the hold of the hair follicle that hair growth is safely and surely destroyed.

The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—the complete and permanent removal of superfluous hair.

Koremlu Cream is for sale at leading department stores. Ask for booklet containing full details of the Koremlu Cream Method and testimonials of what it has done for others. Or send coupon direct to us.

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Just plug Cinderella in any electric outlet and it does the washing in a jiffy—for as little as a penny an hour. A wonderful help to every woman.



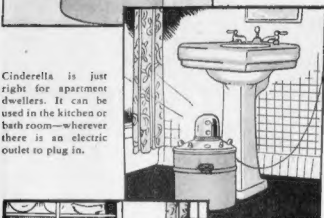
Cinderella is so convenient and easy to handle that it is useful not only for the family wash, but for quickly needed things that are washed in your home every day.



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Talk about speed! It takes only two minutes to fill the Cinderella with warm water, dissolve the soap flakes, put in the clothes and start it running. Then after 15 minutes running—without any attention—

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"How do they do it for \$37.50?" women ask. Answer: The Cinderella Washer is a product of The Black & Decker Mfg. Co.—World's Largest Manufacturer of Portable Electric Tools. Large scale production means economy. Means low cost. Means Cinderella—a complete electric clothes washer, finished in rust-proof nickel and beautiful jade green enamel—at a price every woman can afford.

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